

Founded 1852
No. 250

APRIL, 1916

Fifth Series
No. 52

The London Quarterly Review.

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL 1916

THEOLOGY, LIFE, AND THE WAR

THERE was a time, not long since, when it would probably have been true to say that Theology and Life were not felt to have any intimate connexion. When Theology was taught scholastically—and it was so taught very often—people could scarcely fail to regard it as being out of touch with real existence. Something of unreality seems now to cling about many doctrinal discussions which bulked largely in the controversies of the past. Take, for instance, the chapter in the Westminster Confession that treats of sin. It contains six sections; but at least four of these have no interest for the Christian mind as it actually works in experience. If we ask ourselves what we feel about sin when we are on our knees, how it affects our relation to God and His to us, we go upon utterly different lines from those followed by the Confession. What it is primarily interested in is Adam and Eve as the original and creative sinners of human history; in ‘man’s first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste brought death into our world, and all its woe.’ But that is totally unrelated to life. It is a particular view of the *origin* of sin, and we do not need to have a view of the origin of sin; we only need to know that sin is here, and that we are sinners. The matters which concern us in hours of penitence are rather the personal guilt of sin, its

power to alienate us from God, its influence upon character, and its effect in others' lives. On these subjects, which really *are* important, and the importance and centrality of which become obvious to any one who will glance into any collection of penitential prayers, the Confession has far too little to say. But a concrete example like this does more than anything else to explain why people have agitated for a new creed. They want a creed in touch with life. They want a creed such that they could take it in their hand when they sit down to the religious instruction of their children, and read it out, and explain it, without being made to feel that in the children's eyes it has no sense or convincing power.

Theology, then, has it as its business to state clearly and connectedly what believing experience means, and means for us to-day. Contact with life is indispensable. No one, I imagine, wants theology purely for its own sake ; he wants it in order that the Church which God has redeemed may come to understand better how great redemption is, and how vast a gift has been bestowed in Jesus : he wants it also to enable him to offer a more persuasive and winning gospel to the modern world. It is not because they are rationalists that men call so earnestly for a revision of doctrine ; it is because they are keen to proclaim a credible message for our suffering and sinful race. Their ideal of theology is that it should be the articulated confession of living faith. Students of theology find it is not much good having a set of doctrines packed away in notes or text-books which they have to forget or at least ignore when they stand up to give an evangelistic address, or talk to soldiers in a barrack-room, or visit the sick, or try to help the doubter over difficulties. Theology which fails us when, as they say at the front, we are ' up against it,' is not worth learning. On the other hand, the search for a view of Christianity that will help us to help others is bound to lead to criticism of the traditional scheme of doctrine. That scheme was made

centuries ago, but we and the men we are trying to guide have to live now.

This sustained effort to keep belief close to life really explains why Theology is and must be progressive. Some years ago we heard a good deal about the New Theology; the phrase was commandeered by a single group of people, and it was rather forgotten that we have all of us a right to it. We are all trying, simply because we are all bound in duty, to state the gospel in a form that will win our contemporaries. A new theology of the old faith—this is what each fresh generation calls for. Nothing else will do, for both our sources and our constituency are new. First take the sources. The whole modern science of Biblical Theology has changed the face of the Bible; in particular, it has simplified the Bible by grouping the whole round the mercy and judgement of God as these have been revealed fully in Christ. It shows that from first to last the vital interest of faith has not been a variety of things but *one* thing—to find and clasp God. Indeed, if anything has been accomplished by the quite latest school of New Testament criticism, it is to put Christ at the very centre of the primitive apostolic faith. The fiction kept up by many nineteenth-century writers that prior to faith in Jesus there flourished a simple faith of Jesus—a religion that is, which Jesus Himself practised, and which His disciples merely shared with Him—has been dissolved in smoke. No Christian society ever existed that strove only to imitate Jesus' faith; from the very outset, as far back as we can go, the most radical student of the New Testament now concedes, we find everywhere the adoration of a risen Saviour. That greatly simplifies things; and theology, which draws its inspiration from the Bible, as all Christian theology must, is itself simplified correspondingly.

Then besides that, our constituency is new. The modern Christian mind, whose convictions we are trying to elicit, and, by eliciting, to clarify and deepen, is itself a fresh Divine

creation. Each age has its own perspective, its favourite styles of thinking, its pet analogies. In the seventeenth century, for example, writers on philosophy and divinity tried to think as mathematically as they could; Spinoza conducts his argument throughout on the model of Euclid. Later, physics became the model. To-day a strong tendency exists to choose biological categories and forms of thought. That means that each age has its own intellectual atmosphere, which the Christian breathes as much as other people, and to which he is compelled to adjust his mind. The world we are living in now is a world with a new sense of freedom, of law, of the unity of the mind, of the centrality of will in spiritual experience; it is a world, likewise, with a new social conscience. If we desire to make the great abiding truths of Christianity real to our contemporaries, we must take account of this atmosphere; and a genuine knowledge of it will help us to commend Christ to men's understanding as well as their heart.

But if Theology and Life are to be brought and kept together, Christian thinkers must know their own time, and meet it with sympathy. It will not suffice to take the attitude of the Church of Rome. That Church covers a field so vast, and within that field so monopolizes the religious faculty, that one cannot help wishing for her all possible efficiency within the narrow limits marked out by her history; yet even the most friendly bystander cannot but observe how she is building up a wall between the Catholic mind and contemporary knowledge—a wall that grows thicker, higher, and deadlier every year. In the anti-modernist Papal Decrees, reasoning has been abandoned, spying has been made a regular part of Church organization, and, as it has been put, 'priests are to be trained to fight error by the terribly simple plan of keeping their minds free of all knowledge of what the errors are which they are to fight.' The agent of Christianity is to avoid the intellectual interests of his own time as he would the pestilence,

not merely not to go in search of them but to flee at their approach. But we must not suppose that the mistake is confined to Romanists. If we do not take precautionary measures it will determine our own attitude. There will be the same inertia, the same hatred of change, the same fear of the forward impulse communicated by Christ's Spirit. Hence we never can do our best for men, except as we have entered sympathetically into the atmosphere in which they have received their school and University education, and the general qualities of which have passed into their mental being, like a second nature. It is useless for Christian people to go about railing at modern ideas. These modern ideas are to be faced and considered calmly, as forming part of the conditions under which God has called us to live and work. There is surely a middle path somewhere between scowling at all new thoughts and going on our knees to them, in terrified surrender. Recognizing therefore that modes of thought change as methods of commerce or manufacture do, we ought loyally to play the game by adjusting ourselves to them, at least so far as to make quite sure that we understand their drift; otherwise we shall be as ineffective as men who face Mausers and Maxims armed only with Brown Bess. In meeting the intellectual tendencies of our time, and inquiring as to their significance for our creed, we must encounter them with respect—not rebelling against them any more than we should rebel against pain or trial; not seeking merely to close men's mouths by our superior knowledge (a plan as fruitless as it is tempting), or by ridicule (which is a weapon we grasp by the blade), but doing our best to look intelligently at the difficulties they represent, and to ask what aspects of truth as it is in Jesus will meet and satisfy them.

Of course, in this work of remodelling, of striving to make creed the true deposit of a Bible-nourished experience, we need wisdom and balance. Some of the criticism directed upon old religious doctrines has been not so much acute as

small-minded. In the field of letters, great critics like Matthew Arnold have always pointed to the study of classical literature as helping to save us from eccentricity and caprice ; as imparting real freedom of spirit, knowledge, superiority to mere fanatical prejudice, an atmosphere in which great ideas can live. There is a parallel to this in theology. A sympathetic acquaintance with the beliefs of older ages will save us from being merely imprisoned in the pet notions of our own day ; it will open to us the doors of a wider world, it will quicken our sense of historic continuity and enable us to serve ourselves heir to the best things in the past. A feeling of oneness with believers in other times steadies the mind and keeps it from staggering about. It is safe to say that behind every article of faith for which the Church has *suffered* there lies some great truth for us. Life has once for all set its seal upon a great religious certainty, and even if, as we are bound to do, we scrutinize closely the old theory men constructed out of it, let us always carry on the scrutiny with the salutary consciousness that the next generation will sit in judgement upon us. There is a faith once delivered—not to theologians but—to the saints ; and it is well to ask ourselves, when passing older doctrines in review, whether the chances are not in favour of the immemorial Christian convictions being right rather than our negations. It is much more likely that the past saw something which is really there.

But it is now time that we should turn to some large and impressive illustration of the modes in which Theology—and we are all theologians, since Theology is just our religious beliefs clarified and put in order—is influenced by life ; and to-day the one illustration that offers is the great War. Let us ask what influence the War has had upon the thinking of the Church. Of course, to speak of the war as ‘influencing’ Theology does not necessarily mean that it has contributed new doctrines to the Christian creed. That is scarcely possible. But it may have influence, for

all that, in bringing out certain truths in a new light or with a new emphasis ; or by pointing to difficulties in this or that doctrine with which theology has to grapple, or by accelerating a tendency already present to put certain traditional doctrines into the background. It is quite possible that, as nearly always happens, the problems I am going to refer to are more vividly conceived by the heretics within the Church than by more orthodoxly-minded people. There is always a sort of man who scouts on in advance of the Christian army, and is the first to become aware of the dangers or openings for progress that lie ahead.

First of all, the war has led men to a new sense of God. And God is the centre of our creed. The first thing they have become conscious of with fresh intensity is the reality of God—the fact that He lives and acts and hears prayer. It is indeed striking to observe that the horrors of warfare have diametrically opposite effects on different types of mind. One type for instance says, There can't be a God, or the world would not be in this horrible condition ; another type says just the reverse : There must be a God, or I could not live in a world like this. And this second type, at present, is having his consciousness of God wonderfully quickened. As a chaplain lately returned from France said to me with regard to men who had been in the trenches : ' They use two phrases, both significant. First, they say, " It makes you think," and next, " I said my prayers." ' But it is when a man begins to pray that his thought of God attains to a sort of reality not known before.

Then besides that, the war calls our attention loudly to the Christian character of the God we believe in. We have all heard it said that the German mind, at this crisis, has reverted rather to the Old Testament conception of God, and but rarely if ever relates what it has to say under this head to Jesus Christ and His revelation of the Father. In the main perhaps this is true. But for us to-day it is either belief in the God and Father of Jesus Christ, or it is nothing.

No thoughts of God as tribal or national will ever satisfy. 'We needs must love the highest when we see it,' and certainly no man who has once entertained the belief in a God whose mind towards His children is exactly that of Jesus can ever rest content with what is lower.

But how is faith in just such a God compatible with the state of Belgium or Poland? That is the second theological problem the war has raised—the problem of Providence. Of course, the question of Providence and its difficulties is not new. As it has been put: 'Every railway accident, every disaster at sea, every undeserved calamity presents it poignantly to some bereaved soul. But the scale makes a difference. What before was occasional and incidental becomes suddenly normal and universal. No one who has seen the agonies of the battlefield or the desolation behind the battle can ever again evade the sharp challenge to heart and intellect which this experience will bring him.'

Up to a certain point, we can see our way in dealing with this problem. We can see what solutions of it are forbidden to Christian faith, roads down which we are not going to turn, whatever happens. We are not going to say that the whole sum of evil is *only* the other side of good, and that therefore, from the highest point of view, the war is desirable. We are not going to say that our faith in God is dependent on victory, even though we may have a strong and, as we think, a well-founded belief that He will vindicate the righteous cause. We are not going to say that the moral issues of the struggle have no interest for the Almighty, that the war matters no more to Him than the conflicts of ants in an ant-heap, or of microbes on a speck of dust. And finally we are not going to say that God is not fully master of His world and is only slowly coming to personal perfection with its accompanying perfect power over things. That is a view which destroys Christian faith, and renders trustful prayer an impossibility. It is a conception which could

have no place in Jesus' mind, and we Christians are followers of Jesus.

It has been suggested that 'the doctrine of an omnipotent and all-loving Creator, as commonly expounded in pulpits, is at war with the plain facts of the visible world.' God, that is, cannot be almighty if, having unlimited freedom, 'He chose to constitute this world in such a way that good is impossible without evil, pleasure without pain, achievement without struggle.' Does not this line of argument, frequently to be encountered in newspaper correspondence, suggest that the war will have as one of its religious effects a quickening of the previously existing inclination to revise our thoughts of the Divine omnipotence? In point of fact, it is an omnipotence not simply for happiness, but for holiness; and the God whom we meet in Christ is a God who cannot make happy except as He makes holy. So when we are asked: Why cannot God have an utterly good world, without any evil? our reply to this old sad question must be the old plea that men are persons and not things; and that the world of moral personalities cannot be argued about as though the will and desire of God were the only causal agency in the case, and their supposed freedom of action no better than an illusion. And being free, and thus far masters of their fate, men sin, and nations are but men. If the Hebrew prophets are right—and Christ thought they were—God permits nations to plunge down the abyss of disaster because, when evil desire grows to a certain height, nothing but reaping its fruit can save them. Even while retaining control over their sin, He suffers them to drink the cup they have poured out. Were the Divine omnipotence always to be so exerted that sin became impossible or that its consequences were always avoided, this world, to the end, would be peopled with selfish and spoiled children, and speedily the human would become an animal world. Every one knows that we are fighting this war for *liberty*; do not let us use arguments about its religious

meaning which sacrifice liberty in the deepest sense of all—that liberty of moral choice which makes us capable of being true sons of God and brethren in His family. Episodes like war teach (how poignantly!) that the omnipotence of God is an omnipotence constituted in moral conditions and exerted within a moral universe. It is not a pagan attribute, to which we can appeal to do anything our natural egoism may suggest; it is the omnipotence which on the one hand did not prevent the crucifixion of Jesus, but on the other employed that awful crime to mediate the redemption of the world. No other kind of omnipotence is compatible with holy love. If civilization gets into a tangle of selfishness, and science wretchedly misapplied, and general carelessness and jealousy, under cover of a supposed enlightenment and progress, it is difficult to see why even an almighty Love should avert the painful process which is necessary to cure it and make it aware of its mistakes. The judgements of God do not compete with His mercy, nor are they a substitute for it; they are the instruments through which He works His blessed will. If we believe in God at all, as the Holy One who must react against evil, it will not be impossible to acknowledge His chastening hand in the calamities which have come upon Europe. His omnipotence is of such a kind that it is exhibited, not obscured, by His response to moral facts.

But if any one rejoins: Do you then derive your impression of God from what you see going on in Europe at the present time? I should reply, briefly, somewhat as follows. No, I assuredly do not: this war apart, we never can ascertain the character of God by inspection of the general facts of the world. It is because I bring faith to my inspection that I see God in history at all. It is with history in part as it is with nature—faith, not sight, reveals it as pervaded by the Divine presence. To contemplate the world in its length and breadth, says Newman, 'the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration,

the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.' The war, as a sort of epitome of all these evils, comes with the message which no Christian can ignore, that our thought of God, our faith in Him, must be drawn straight and uncontaminated from Jesus Christ. We see the Father in the only-begotten Son. And seeing Him thus, we are strengthened to endure the mysteries of the providential order. Very specially, as we stand before the Cross, our sense of the burden of suffering is wonderfully lightened; for there we behold the Divine heart also suffering in a loving communion with our misery. In all our afflictions He is afflicted.

Again, the war has profoundly deepened the Church's conviction of the reality of sin. Not that it has made additions to the *doctrine* of sin, but, like fire acting upon a secret ink, it has caused the latent and perhaps only half-conscious belief to start up with fresh intensity. We have all read the words reported by Mr. Kipling as having been spoken to him by a French officer at the front: 'The Boche is saving the world, because he has shown us what evil is.' We had begun to doubt the existence of evil, said that officer. Whether we had begun to think there was no such thing as wickedness, but only folly or ugliness—intellectual or æsthetic evil, that is—or whether the cruel falsehood of the proverbial saying that 'to know all is to pardon all' had corrupted our minds, at all events our consciousness of the inconceivable sinfulness of sin had much abated. We were ready, or many people were, to adopt extremely rosy views of human nature, particularly of ourselves and our acquaintances; and in some congregations, if the confession of sin had been dropped out of public prayer, the majority of the worshippers would

have missed nothing. But the outbreak of war, as also the methods by which it has been conducted, have burnt it in on the world's conscience that evil is a guilty and malignant fact; that there are foul appetites which only recognize obligations when there is something to gain by them, and that men can deliver themselves over to work shame and wrong with greediness. It is unlikely that for a generation or two the Church will be much called upon to emphasize the fact that education and culture are not the same thing as goodness, or that advanced civilization may easily co-exist with moral degeneracy and complete alienation from God. Nor probably will those schemes of self-redemption which always get into circulation during an age when humanity is thoroughly well pleased with itself and which put Divine grace aside as a needless luxury, enjoy for long their old popularity. Men are coming to see, in the light of the blazing villages of Poland, what our nature can be when left to itself. They will listen more eagerly, please God, to the old prophetic cry: 'O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help.'

We have already seen that religious belief is only wholesome when it keeps touch with life; and the tenets we hold about sin do not fulfil this condition if they are self-righteous. A recent writer has said forcibly that 'there are some who have been shocked by the Germans out of their disbelief in evil and who believe now that the German wickedness is not human, that they are a race of monsters separate from mankind.' We cannot really believe in sin unless we are aware of it in ourselves. It will be a lamentable result of the agony through which we are passing if our experiences do not humble us before God, along with other nations of Christendom, confessing our common sin and shame. And when we translate this into the language of private supplication, it will mean a deepened awareness of the evil dwelling within each of us, and helping to make the misery of the world. The practice of penitence is a great need of our

generation—penitence that is corporate, positive, and pure, and at every point linked with the illimitable promises of God.

There is a dim consciousness throughout the Church—to pass to another subject—that the war, and in particular the defensive sacrifices made by our brave and beloved soldiers, are going to teach us something new about the Atonement of Christ, or at the lowest will help us to realize certain aspects of the old truth with a new depth of feeling. One has the impression that here we must guard ourselves against ill-considered language. That many of our soldiers are disappointed with the atmosphere of the Christian Church is very credible; we are disappointed with it ourselves, and for many a year there have been unceasing prayers for revival. But one may reasonably inquire what these brave fellows would reply if you said to their face what some people have said about them—that at the close of the war the army will come home and evangelize the Churches. Probably they would smile, and no wonder. They are not satisfied with themselves any more than with us. Similarly, it will not do to talk as if even the sacrifices of the trenches were more than a faint human illustration and analogue of the death of Jesus Christ for sin. Would our soldiers themselves speak of their action thus? No: yet Jesus did say of Himself that He had come to give His life a ransom for many. Here, too, we must keep near to the facts of life, of experience. There is no parallel to the Cross. But when this has been premised, is there one of us with soul so dead as not to realize the illustrative pathos and moral sublimity of their sufferings on our behalf? Is it not all calculated to enhance our sense of the part played in all worthy life by sacrifice? As a chaplain, just returned to this country, said the other day: ‘When I looked into the eyes of these men, marching out of camp to the trenches, after prayer, I thought with a new understanding of the verse, “He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem.”’

The words, 'Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price,' may well sink into the heart of our nation with solemnizing and ennobling power, and nerve our arm to deal firmly with national sins. Who will set limits to what we might learn here concerning the spirit of love, that makes the last offering of life itself; and therefore concerning Jesus Christ, in whom very God takes the burden of our need?

The last topic which may be said to have assumed a new prominence and perhaps a new aspect in many Christian minds owing to the war is that of death and the hereafter. As to the fact of the change there can be no question. The other day an eminent theological writer remarked to me that he had recently been sent his publisher's statement for the previous twelve months. 'The sale of all my books but one,' he said, 'has been practically killed. The exception is a book about Immortality, and it has suddenly rushed up to hundreds from less than a dozen.' Fourteen years ago Principal George Adam Smith said truly that 'in the thinking of civilized men, there has been for years a steady ebb from the shores of another life.' Could this be said now? It is difficult to think so. If formerly there was a tendency, or what seemed to be a tendency, even in Christians, to confine their interest to the earthly career, to 'this grace wherein we stand'; if good men, absorbed in science, in social reclamation, in present imperious duties of citizenship to which religion herself is calling us, half-unconsciously became accustomed to withdraw their gaze from the unseen world, and to obey the precept 'work while it is day'; this mood is passing away. Too many of us have lost dear friends, or are daily suppliants for their safety, to be indifferent to what happens after this life. In the verses that appear in our journals commemorating the brave who have fallen, how often it seems as if the poem *cannot* but end upon that note of endless hope!

There are two reflections, as I think, to which we are led

as we thankfully contemplate this change in the outlook of religious men. The first is, how indissociably vital is the bond between the thought of immortality and the thought of God. The two rise and fall together. If it be true that immortality is bulking more largely in our minds than two years ago, this is because we have become more intensely aware of God. The world, its importance and its powers, have somehow shrunk, and we are more luminously certain that God is supremely real. When a man's grasp of the everlasting hope grows slack, it cannot be, or at least it never is, strengthened and restored directly or in isolation. It can be recovered only through a richer apprehension of the Father, to whom belong the issues from death.

God has various ways of giving men back their old clear faith in life eternal; and often, as we have learned in these months, He does it through the death of a dear friend. The longing for re-union with the lost is a gateway at which His promise enters in. The man follows the other into the dark, 'with love and longing infinite,' asking his own heart over and over, Shall I see my friend again, and when, and where? It grows upon him by degrees that re-union is only possible if the dead are safe now—kept by some beneficent, unchanging Power who at last can also make *him* safe, and link again the unclasped hands. That Power and that Love we can meet, he finds, through contact with Jesus. Thus, by lanes and bypaths each man travels for himself, the tried spirit learns to lean upon the Father, and to feel also the strength of that bond between Father and child which even death cannot sever.

The second reflection is that under the influence of bereavement on an unprecedented scale many within the Church have begun a process, which it may take long to complete, of readjusting their conclusions on human destiny. The inviting creed of Universalism—a final redemption leaving no one out—has come up again with new power. We

may state the matter so, for it is of course impossible to consider the salvation of those who have died upon the battlefield as though it formed a problem by itself; it is only a peculiarly poignant illustration of a question that is always with us—the question whether, as long as men believe in God and love their fellows they will resign themselves to the ultimate failure of Divine mercy to win any whom it seeks. What is now stirring the largest hopes is the presence in so many of the gallant dead of that unselfish spirit of sacrifice which Christ Himself has taught us to regard as directly akin to God. What finding the Church will come to upon this subject, or whether it will come to any, we cannot tell, and fortunately it is not necessary that we should. We may be sure the matter is one which men will decide for themselves, in obedience to the instincts of utter faith, committing all who have passed forward to a Love that never fails. When we think of that far-flung graveyard in which they lie, these lines come to memory :—

Why should that be the only place uncheered
By prayer, which to our hearts is most endeared,
And sacred grown ?
Living, we sought for blessings on their head ;
Why should our lips be sealed when they are dead,
And we alone ?

Shall God be wroth because we love them still,
And call upon His love to shield from ill
Our dearest, best ;
And bring them home, and recompense their pain,
And cleanse their sin, if any sin remain,
And give them rest ?

These words give a voice to the thoughts of many hearts. They mark one point more at which a living action and reaction can be perceived, now as in every age, between life and theology, between religious experience and religious creed.

H. R. MACKINTOSH.

DOSTOEVSKY AS A PSYCHOLOGIST

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Tolstoy as Man and Artist, with an Essay on Dostoevsky.
By DMITRI MEREJKOWSKI. (Constable & Co.) 1902.

THE already deep and growing interest in Russian literature has been greatly stimulated by the present war, and fresh translations of Russian novels are being poured forth, in rapid succession, from the press. Of these none are more welcome, or more important, than the complete edition of Dostoevsky's works which Mrs. Garnett has been giving us at intervals during the past four years. Russian critics have awarded this writer the first place amongst their novelists, and they tell us that from no one else can we gain such a true insight into the national soul. It is indeed a new and strange world to which the Western reader is introduced by these books, but nevertheless he is conscious that fresh scenes and altered conditions only serve to bring into clearer light the unchanging and universal characteristics of human nature. Dostoevsky was the most ardent and convinced of nationalists, but he regarded the strength of Russian nationalism as the aspiration towards a universal spirit which should embrace all mankind. 'To be a real Russian,' said he, 'means only this: to be a brother to all men, to be universally human.' He, at any rate, was true to this ideal. Through his marvellous representations of Russian life and character, he discovers to us the elemental facts of life as we all know it. Thus while we find in his stories a mirror of 'the soul of Russia,' it is what he has to

reveal about our own souls that makes the strongest appeal to us.

'*Raskolnikov* is easily the greatest book I have read in ten years; I am glad you took to it. Many find it dull. Henry James could not finish it: all I can say is, it nearly finished me. It was like having an illness. James did not care for it because the character of Raskolnikov was not objective; and at that I divined a great gulf between us, and, on further reflection, the existence of a certain impotence in many minds of to-day, which prevents them living in a book or a character, and keeps them standing afar off, spectators of a puppet show. To such I suppose the book may seem empty in the centre: to the others it is a room, a house of life, into which they themselves enter, and are tortured and purified.'¹

This fine appreciation of *Crime and Punishment*, which occurs in one of Stevenson's letters to J. A. Symonds, might justly be extended to each of Dostoevsky's chief works. The last clause, which reminds us of Aristotle's description of Tragedy as 'purging through pity and fear,' indicates the point of view from which these books should be approached. Other writers picture the external aspects of life, describing the accidents of fortune and the more obvious revelations of character. Dostoevsky explores the depths of human nature, searching out the subtle influences and hidden powers which mightily affect the spirit and fill life with amazing possibilities. He was charged with being 'fantastic,' and 'lacking in universality.' Turgenev barbed the criticism with a sneer at his 'psychological mole-runs.' Dostoevsky emphatically repudiated the accusation. 'They call me a psychologist,' he writes; 'it is not true, I am only a *realist in the highest sense of the word*, i.e., I depict all the soul's depths.' And again, with special reference to *The Idiot*, he says:—'What most people regard as fantastic and lacking in universality, I hold to be

¹ R. L. Stevenson: *Letters*, Vol. II., page 20.

the inmost essence of truth. And observation of everyday trivialities I have long ceased to regard as realism—it is quite the reverse. In any newspaper one takes up, one comes across reports of wholly authentic facts, which nevertheless strike one as extraordinary. Our writers regard them as fantastic, and take no account of them, and yet they are the truth. . . . Is not my fantastic "Idiot" the very dailiest truth ?'

It is in such 'realism' that Dostoevsky's power lies, and of necessity it led him to study humanity at its worst. He deals with dark and shameful phases of life, but not that he may minister to a morbid curiosity. His only purpose in investigating the maladies of diseased and wounded souls is to discover the source of healing. For this reason his books never leave the taint in the reader's mind that is inseparable from some novels of the 'realistic' school. It is not a Madame Tussaud's 'Chamber of Horrors' which they exhibit to us, but a moral hospital where the skill shown in diagnosing disease is equalled by the compassion with which the sufferers are treated. Indeed, Dostoevsky's unfailing attitude to men is that of one of his finest characters, Father Zossima, who told his young disciple, Alyosha Karamazov, 'to care for most people exactly as one would for children, and for some of them as one would for the sick in hospitals.'

When Dostoevsky began to deal with the sickness of the soul, he soon found the root of the matter to be the old trouble of the 'war in the members,' or, in psychological phrase, 'the divided self.' Something of this conflict is doubtless felt in all lives, but when the strife becomes so intense that the spirit is torn and agonized by it, then the normal experience is lifted to the height of great tragedy. This is what Dostoevsky shows us, as he strips his characters of every vestige of artificiality and convention, and reveals the springs of desire and action.

Dostoevsky discovered the problem of the divided self,

first of all, in the depths of his own personality. Writing to his brother, at the age of twenty-four, he admits the disorderly way in which he is living and the neurotic and helpless state to which his dissoluteness has reduced him. About the same time he wrote *Letters from the Underworld*, and it is hardly possible to resist the impression that the painful confessions the book contains are, to some extent, at any rate, a self-revelation of its author. 'Every day,' says the imaginary writer of the letters, 'I keep discovering in myself elements of the most opposite order conceivable, and can feel them swarming within me, and am aware that, to the very end of my life, they will continue so to swarm. . . . At the very moment when I have appeared to be most in a position to appreciate the finer shades of "the great and the beautiful" I have not only invariably failed to recognize as unseemly, but also have never failed to commit actions which—well, in a word, actions which all men commit, but which I have always perpetrated just when I was most acutely sensible that I ought not to do them. The more I have recognized what is good . . . the deeper I have plunged into the mire, and the more I have been ready to smear myself over with the sticky stuff. . . . Inwardly and secretly I often licked my lips at the thought of these revels, and chewed the cud of my recollections until their bitterness turned to a sort of base, accursed sweetness, and then to an actual, an assured, sensation of delight.'

The experiences of his trial and imprisonment, which came to Dostoevsky three years later, revolutionized his life and left him an altogether stronger and better man. Nevertheless there were many occasions when he was so depressed by illness and harassed by debt that he seemed driven to the verge of distraction. Some of his letters are couched in language so abject and humiliating that we are reminded of such characters in his books as Marmeladov or Lebyadkin, with their maudlin whines about poverty. More than once, during the exile to which he was driven by fear of his

creditors, he succumbed to the fascination of the roulette-table, which he has realistically described in his story *The Gambler*. There is no hint that he fell back again into the irregularities of his young manhood, to which reference has been made—but we can well believe that there were refractory elements in his nature which gave him a very real sympathy with many of his characters. Merejkowski, in his illuminating and suggestive study of Dostoevsky, illustrates the point by a reference to *The Brothers Karamazov*:—‘Remarkable is the inevitable blood-bond between the monster Smerdyakov, Ivan, “who fought with God,” the cruel sensualist Dmitri, who seemed as if stung by a gad-fly, the stainless cherub Alyosha, and their father according to the flesh, the outcast Fyodor Karamazov. Equally remarkable is the bond between them and their father in the spirit, Dostoevsky himself. He would have disowned this family, perhaps, before men, but not before his own conscience or before God.’

The transition from such portrayals of the divided self as were largely influenced by his own experience, to those more purely objective, may be made by a further reference to this great unfinished work. He planned it to consist of a series of five stories, each with its separate title, but the whole to be called ‘The Life Story of a Great Sinner.’ The hero was to be Alyosha Karamazov, who in the only part given to the world, appears as—if not quite the ‘stainless cherub’ Merejkowski suggests—a noble and attractive personality. He is a young monk, full of spiritual passion and love to mankind, possessing no less of what Stevenson called the ‘lovely goodness’ of Dostoevsky’s characters than Prince Myshkin, while he is more thoroughly human. Nevertheless even in this pure and gentle nature there is the inherited taint which will eventually plunge the soul into the throes of a great conflict. The elder brother once tells him the truth in a drunken fit of candour and remorse. ‘I want to tell you now,’ he says, ‘about the insects to whom

God gave "sensual lust." I am that insect, brother. . . . All we Karamazovs are such insects, and, angel as you are, that insect lives in you too, and will stir up a tempest in your blood.' And once at least the awful fact seems to come home to Alyosha's own mind, as he cries :—' I, too, am a Karamazov Me a monk, a monk ! '

To constitute the tragedy of life, however, there must be not only the inner discordant elements of the nature, but also the external circumstances which calls these elements into active and violent hostility. Alyosha's career was not followed to this point ; but it is seen in many other instances in Dostoevsky's works. The most remarkable of all is in *Crime and Punishment*, and here the author displays to the full his tremendous psychological power. The traitor within the soul of Raskolnikov is pride, and it leads him to conceive the idea that if he is to achieve his ambition he must be ready, like Napoleon, to disregard all moral laws or conventions which hinder the realization of his aim. At first the idea is little more than a philosophical theory of the 'superman,' which he expounds in a review article on 'Crime.' But the sight of a usurious old woman, to whom he has gone to pawn a ring, shows the way to a practical application of his theory. Possessed of her wealth, what could not a man of his intelligence do ! Why not suppress such noxious vermin, as Napoleon would have done had she stood in his way ? So the warfare between his ambitious pride and his better self begins. And directly he dallies with the infamous suggestion, events seem to conspire to bring about the tragedy. 'Impelled, apparently,' writes Dostoevsky, 'by some blind, irresistible, supernatural force, he groped for something to which he might cling. The unexpected incidents of the preceding evening were working upon him half mechanically, just as a man who has allowed a flap of his coat to catch on the cog of a wheel soon finds himself hopelessly entangled in the machinery.' Here we have the familiar tragic conception of Fate driving a man

to his doom; yet it is perfectly clear to the reader that the issue is due not to any external force, but to the inner division of spirit.

But despite Dostoevsky's skill in analysing the causes of crime, it is a profound mistake to regard his psychology as simply a demonstration of the possibilities of evil latent in the hearts of men. If he sees the 'devil' in man he is ready and eager to discover the 'angel' also. And that the divine image is not wholly effaced even in the worst, he learned from closest contact with the most brutal and degraded criminals, in a Siberian prison. *The House of the Dead*, which records some of the incidents and experiences of those years, is a painful narrative of cruelty and suffering and a terrible revelation of the foulest corners of the human heart. But all the darkness is shot with rays of light and hope, which are well focused in the following passage:—'It is a great satisfaction to me to be able to say that among these dreadful sufferers, in a state of things so barbarous and abject, I found abundant proof that the elements of moral development were not wanting. In our convict establishment there were men whom I was familiar with for several years, and whom I looked upon as wild beasts and abhorred as such; well, all of a sudden, when I least expected it, these very men would exhibit such abundance of feeling of the best kind, so keen a comprehension of the sufferings of others, seen in the light of the consciousness of their own, that one might almost fancy scales had fallen from their eyes. So sudden was it as to cause stupefaction; one could scarcely believe one's eyes and ears.' In the letters written just after his imprisonment, Dostoevsky speaks with emphasis, and even enthusiasm, of the goodness he had found in the most unlikely places and of the new sympathy and hope for men this knowledge had given him.

Another and very remarkable method of dealing with the same essential problem of a division of spirit has been

pointed out by Merejkowski and may be introduced in his words :—‘ With Dostoevsky we often get tragical contrasted couples of lifelike, realistic people, who seem, to themselves and others, integral personages—*halves of some third divided being*, halves that seek one another, doubles that shadow one another.’ An outstanding instance is found in *Crime and Punishment*. Raskolnikov has been sleeping and suffering from terrible nightmare. The dreadful crime of which he is guilty has been re-enacted in his dream, and the horror of it has gripped him fast. At last, with a great effort, he casts off the incubus and awakes to become conscious of another presence in his room. He cannot tell at first whether this presence is a reality or whether he is still dreaming, and when he can bear the uncertainty no longer he cries :—‘ Why don’t you speak ? What do you wish ? ’ ‘ Permit me to introduce myself : ’ replies the stranger, ‘ Arcadius Ivanovitch Svidrigailov.’ A long conversation follows, but when his visitor leaves, Raskolnikov is still doubtful as to his reality. Nothing short of the positive assertion of a friend, who comes in just afterwards, that he had met the man on the stairs and would know his face again among a thousand, serves to dispel the suspicion that he was the victim of his own fancy. This individual, introduced in such an illusory fashion, becomes very real as the story proceeds, but all along he seems to play the part of an *alter ego* to Raskolnikov. Svidrigailov says to him :—‘ You and I are fruit of the same tree,’ and Raskolnikov sees his own nature mirrored in this man, whom he loathes for his viciousness, and he feels his presence almost as a second accusing conscience.

A still more daring development of this method is seen in the connexion that is shown to exist between Ivan Karamazov, the clever sceptic, and his half-brother, Smerdyakov, the valet. The full significance of this relationship comes out when Smerdyakov admits to Ivan that he killed his father, but adds :—‘ You are the real murderer, I was only

your instrument.' Ivan is staggered by the confession and by the charge. He recognizes the fact that Smerdyakov has only adopted his theories, and translated into deed a thought which he knew had been in his own heart. He feels his mind giving way under the shock. 'Do you know, I am afraid that you are a dream, a phantom sitting before me,' he muttered. 'There's no phantom here,' replies Smerdyakov, 'but only us two and one other. No doubt he is here, that third, between us.' Ivan is alarmed; his eyes hastily search every corner of the room and he cries, 'Who is he? Who is here? What third person?' 'That third is God Himself, Providence,' answers Smerdyakov. Ivan soon discovers, however, that this 'third' who forms the link between himself and his 'other half' is not God but the Devil. Brain fever sets in, bringing with it the terribly realistic hallucination of a visit from the Evil One, and a great argument follows between the two. The whole scene is one of the most tremendous conceptions in literature, and reveals more of Dostoevsky's amazing power to penetrate the veil which hides the spiritual from the material than anything else he ever wrote. The Devil taunts Ivan with taking him for a reality this time, though previously he had professed disbelief in his existence. 'Never for one minute have I taken you for reality,' Ivan cries with a sort of fury. 'You are a lie, you are my illness, you are a phantom. It's only that I don't know how to destroy you, and I see I must suffer for a time. You are my hallucination. You are the incarnation of myself, but only of one side of me . . . of my thoughts and feelings, but only the nastiest and stupidest of them.' Here the secret is out! This interview lays bare the whole inner tragedy of the divided self. The devil Dostoevsky creates in this book is the full expression of the conception that he has been feeling after through all his former works.

But can such a devil as this, who is the embodiment of the worst side of a man's nature, do anything more than

echo his thoughts? Ivan says not. 'You are myself,' he cries, 'myself, only with a different face. You say just what I am thinking and are incapable of saying anything new!' The Devil, however, denies the validity of the inference. In dreams a man often has ideas come to him which never entered his head before, so he ironically tells Ivan that even if he should say anything new, he is yet nothing but his nightmare. Then the weird discussion goes on. The secret thoughts of Ivan's heart are dragged to light, and he is compelled to face the implications of his own materialistic philosophy. With dreadful irony the Devil riddles his armour of scepticism, and when he seeks to have his doubts resolved he is tantalized by the repetition of the verdict of the agnosticism he has embraced. Sometimes the Devil almost lets the human mask slip, and a glimpse is caught of a personality who seems quite other than Ivan's sub-conscious self. One such glimpse may be quoted:— 'I was there when the Word, who died on the cross, rose up into heaven bearing on His bosom the soul of the penitent thief. I heard the glad shrieks of the cherubim singing and shouting hosannah and the thunderous rapture of the seraphim which shook heaven and all creation, and I swear to you by all that's sacred, I longed to join the choir and shout hosannah with them all. The word had almost escaped me, had almost broken from my lips. . . .' But here the mask is resumed; the Devil lightly adopts the philosopher's plea for the existence of evil as necessary to the realization of the good, and says the thought of this checked his hosannah and made him 'stick to his nasty task.'

Still the doubt is unresolved. Is the Evil One, after all, only the creation of Ivan's disordered brain, or has his sickness opened a door for him into a realm which cannot be visited in normal health? This is an old question with Dostoevsky. In *Crime and Punishment* there is a significant discussion of it. Svidrigailov tells Raskolnikov of

apparitions that had visited him, and is at once advised to consult a medical man. He admits that he is not well, but claims that it is not logical to say that because apparitions are seen only by the sick, that they are the result of the illness. 'Apparitions,' he argues, 'are to some extent portions, particles, from other spheres. A healthy man outwardly can have no reason for seeing them, considering that a healthy man is above all a material man. . . . But let him get ill, let his normal physical organization get out of order, then forthwith becomes manifest the possibility of another world; and, in proportion to his increasing illness, his contact with the next world becomes nearer and nearer till death hurls him straight away into it.'

This idea that illness may perhaps provide the condition of contact with the spiritual world, unattainable in a state of health, must be traced to Dostoevsky's experience of epilepsy, which he attributes to a number of his characters. Kirillov, in *The Possessed*, thus describes it:—'There are seconds—they come five or six at a time—when you suddenly feel the presence of the eternal harmony perfectly attained. It's something not earthly—I don't mean in the sense that it's heavenly—but in that sense that man cannot endure it in his earthly aspect. He must be physically changed or die. . . . If it lasted more than five seconds, the soul could not endure it and must perish. In those five seconds I live through a lifetime, and I'd give my whole life for them, because they are worth it.' Prince Myshkin, in *The Idiot*, speaks with the same sense of the worth of this experience; and though he argues that because these moments are due to disease they must be not a higher kind of life but a lower, he is not convinced by his reasoning. 'What matter,' he says to himself, 'though it be only disease, an abnormal tension of the brain, if when I recall and analyse the moment, it seems to have been one of harmony and beauty in the highest degree—an instant of deepest sensation, overflowing with unbounded joy and rapture, ecstatic devotion, and

completest life ?' Nevertheless the Prince recognized that these moments were purchased at the cost of 'stupefaction, mental darkness, idiocy,' and therefore he felt there must be something wrong with his argument.

So Dostoevsky refuses to take the final step to which the reader sometimes fears he is tending. He will not plunge into the mental and spiritual chaos which must result if disease is accepted as the condition of man attaining more perfect personality than he can realize in health. And with this refusal he is back again with the old problem of the divided self. Is there, then, no solution of it ? Must this physician of the soul end with diagnosing its disease and confess his inability to point out the remedy ? Let an extract from one of his letters answer. He is writing to a lady who complained of her 'inward duality,' and these are his words :—'Do you believe in Christ and in His commandments ? If you believe in Him (or at least have a strong desire to do so), then give yourself wholly up to Him ; the pain of your duality will be thereby alleviated, and you will find the true way out.'

Those who have read Dostoevsky with sympathetic insight can expect no other answer. His psychology is the method by which he reveals to men the real malady of their soul. His religion is the remedy he offers, and that religion is—Christ. Here he points to 'the true way out.'

GEORGE W. THORN.

SHAKESPEARE'S IDEAL OF HEROIC MANHOOD

A Life of William Shakespeare. BY SIR SIDNEY LEE.
(London: Smith, Elder.) 1916.

English Poets and the National Ideal. BY E. DE SÉLINCOURT. (Oxford: University Press.) 1915.

King Henry the Fifth. EDITED BY HERBERT EVANS. (The Arden Shakespeare: Methuen.) 1904.

THREE hundred years ago, this month, on April 23, 1616, there passed from earth the greatest poet of our race, perhaps the greatest poet of all time. 'In knowledge of human character,' at all events, as remarked by Sir Sidney Lee, in the new edition of his invaluable *Life of Shakespeare*, 'in perception and portrayal of the workings of passion, in wealth of humour, in fertility of fancy, and in soundness of judgement, he has no rival.' At least ten thousand books have been written about him, and it would be difficult to add to what has been so variously and so voluminously said in praise and in depreciation of our racial bard. Yet in this time of stress and peril it may be well for us, amid the tercentenary celebrations of his death, to call to mind the founts of inspiration which he opened up for us, as if to meet our present and most pressing need. Mr. de Sélincourt, in his timely and suggestive volume, reminds us that though the poets, as a rule, are little read, it is by them, nevertheless, that the souls of nations are formed. 'They move the minds of those who move the masses of the people. As England faces the task of this war and the still harder tasks that will follow victory, she will need, and however little conscious of it, will receive food for her spirit from all her poets. And the heroic temper of Shakespeare, the faith and morals of Milton, the spiritual vision of Wordsworth will be scarcely more necessary to

her than the . . . European outlook and sympathies' of more recent bards.

For the moment, and for our particular purpose, it may suffice to touch upon the splendid contribution that Shakespeare made to our national ideal, and to consider in some detail the portrait that he evidently painted *con amore* of the most heroic and the most entirely English of our kings. It is surely, as Carlyle said, 'a splendid thing to be made to thrill with the high aspirations, the emotional enthusiasms, the broad humanities that make for the heroic in man'; and who like Shakespeare can thus thrill our hearts? 'A thousand times in English history,' observes Mr. de Sélin-court, 'when deeds have been done or those high words said that rank with deeds, the doing or saying has been half-consciously inspired by the heroic ideal fixed for ever in the hearts of English boys and men by the genius of Shakespeare.' And nowhere has that ideal been more perfectly embodied than in *King Henry the Fifth*.

Shakespeare there touched the heroic string in his lyre. The play has been described as 'a national anthem in five acts,' and the choruses in it as 'patriotic paeans.' Critics of small discernment have pronounced it 'out of date' and 'obsolete.' It simply palpitates with actuality. In an interesting discussion of Shakespeare's attitude towards the political Machiavellism which was fashionable in his time, and has been the avowed creed of Prussia since the days of Frederick the Great, Mr. de Sélin-court shows how entirely opposed to it is the note struck by the great Histories and Tragedies. 'For Shakespeare, not Machiavellian State egoism, but honour and justice are the principles of conduct for rulers. Character is destiny; honesty is the best policy; the life of a king is duty, not self-indulgence; *noblesse oblige*.' This is specially true of our 'national epic,' as Henry the Fifth has been aptly called. And the play is full of pictures of the present time of national awakening and social transformation and co-operation. Two years before

the war, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne visited England from America, and, with prophetic insight, he noted the 'braced-up expectancy and readiness in the people for some approaching development in England's destiny, a new quickening of that old indomitable spirit that has faced not merely external dangers, but grappled with and resolved her own internal problems.'

'London,' he said, 'seems to me like a city that has heard a voice crying, "Arise, thou that sleepest," and is answering to the cry with girt loins and sloth-purged heart and blithe readiness for some new, unknown summons of a future that can but develop the glory of her past. . . . England is merely realizing that one more of those many rebirths, so to speak, out of her own womb, approaches, and that once more she is about to prove herself eternally young.'

Were he now to revisit our shores, Shakespeare's choral lines would leap to his lips—

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings.
With wingèd heels, as English Mercuries.

There is now a new England. At the cry of outraged justice and humanity, four millions of men have sprung to arms, and in a nation thought to be mortally divided against itself we have seen the spectacle, the miracle, of class and faction welded into brotherhood. The Empire as one man has rallied round the flag. The Germans made the same mistake as the French Dauphin made when he sent the tennis balls to Henry. They regarded us as a nation which preferred sport to knowledge, self-will to a sense of duty to the community, selfishness to sacrifice, wire-pulling and patronage to efficiency; but a rude awakening was in store for them. A transformation similar to that described by Shakespeare in the character of Henry has been effected in the national life, and in the free-will offering of our youth and manhood we have witnessed the greatest and most splendid

outpouring of service and of sacrifice that the world has ever seen.¹

How would Shakespeare act in this the crisis of our fate ? How did he speak and make his hero speak and act in circumstances not dissimilar ? If he had lived under George V instead of under Elizabeth and James, we may be sure that he would have acted as one of those heroic men who have a fierce love of courage and justice and loyalty, and that he would have poured through our race now gathering from the ends of the earth those quickening, animating words which nerve men's hearts and lead them on to victory. He evidently dreamed of a Greater England, as we now speak of a Greater Britain and desire it as one outcome of the war. He clearly desired that, with the coming of James, the old national hatred between the Scotch and English should cease, and shows himself more than sympathetic with the ill-starred attempt of Essex to conciliate the Irish. It is not merely by way of comic relief that in the play the English, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish captains are introduced, serving side by side under a common flag ; it is 'as if to symbolize the union of the four nations under one crown, and their co-operation in enterprises of honour, no longer hindered by the touchiness of a separatist nationalism.' The play not only points backward to the greatest period of England's past, but forward to the time when Britons should be one.

There is a history in men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased ;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreaured.

¹ In the first of his 'Letters on a Regicidal Peace,' written in 1796, Burke remarks upon a similar but smaller awakening of the English people in the earlier stages of the Seven Years' War : 'Whilst we were thus abandoning ourselves to a direct confession of our inferiority to France, and whilst many, very many, were ready to act upon a sense of that inferiority, a few months effected a total change in our variable minds. We emerged from the gulf of that speculative despondency ; and were buoyed up to the highest point of practical vigour. Never did the masculine spirit of England

Shakespeare would have blushed at Carlyle's panegyric, but the words are not nearly so fantastic as they seem :

'England, before long, will hold but a small fraction of the English; in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. What is it that can keep all these together into virtually one nation ? . . . Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone ! This King Shakespeare, does he not shine, in crowned sovereignty, over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs ; indestructible ; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever ! We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another : ' Yes, this Shakespeare is ours ; we produced him, we speak and think by him ; we are of one blood and kind with him.'

The virtues that composed the character of Shakespeare's hero-king contain the seeds of Carlyle's Saxondom. 'On the royal hero's manliness,' says Sir Sidney Lee, 'whether as soldier, ruler, or lover, Shakespeare loses no opportunity of laying emphasis. . . . Alone in Shakespeare's gallery of English monarchs does Henry's portrait evoke at once a sense of joyous satisfaction in the high potentialities of human character and a feeling of pride among Englishmen that one of his mettle is of English race.' Speaking quite generally, it may be said that Henry embodies Shakespeare's ideal of heroic manhood. He has none of Hamlet's brooding melancholy, none of Romeo's tragic passion. He is first and foremost and almost exclusively a man of action and affairs. As statesman, warrior, ruler, he exhibits the utmost greatness that the active nature can attain. As Macaulay says of Cromwell, 'He was emphatically a man'—robust, enthusiastic, brave ; a model of heroic virtue, of kingly strength and grace. 'Conscientious, brave, just, capable, and tenacious,' says Mr. Evans, 'Henry stands

display itself with more energy, nor ever did its genius soar with a prouder pre-eminence over France, than at the time when frivolity and effeminacy had been at least tacitly acknowledged as their national character, by the good people of this kingdom.'

before us as the embodiment of worldly success ; and as such he is entitled to our unreserved admiration.'

Shakespeare, of course, intends us to accept his portrait with its inseparable limitations. For his own artistic purposes, he made use of certain hints of the chroniclers, and in *Richard II* and the two parts of *Henry IV* he makes too much, perhaps, of Henry's early escapades. But the 'madcap prince' is not held up by the poet as a pattern for young men. His purpose, rather, is to show how, by the grace of God and by the manly efforts of a nature fundamentally sincere and sound, the 'soul of goodness' may be distilled from 'things evil,' and how a youth with 'heart of gold' may pass through the testing fires and yet emerge a 'pattern for all Christian kings.' The process is most skilfully described in all the plays alluded to, and in *Henry V* we have a finished picture of the hero's character in after life.

In the forefront of this splendid 'history' the youthful king is set before us as a serious and enlightened man of affairs, fearing God and fearing naught beside. His conversion had not been so sudden as the archbishop, like a true theologian, imagined. 'Consideration like an angel came' to him at the outset of his career, and remained with him in the midst of his novitiate for the throne ; and when the crown at length was placed upon his brow he cast his frivolous companions off without a pang. The change was gradual and complete. With the call of duty, his wild days ended. As king, he now appears before the world as the impersonation of England's greatness. Under his rule, the country is transformed. Profligates and adventurers like Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, 'the cankers of a calm world and a long peace,' meet with their deserts. The conspiracy of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey is destroyed in the bud, and the whole nation is united in one great patriotic movement, pointing the moral—

O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural !

On his accession, the prince appears before us in his true character. Like Wordsworth's 'Happy Warrior,' when called to face the stern realities of life, he is 'Happy as a lover, and attired With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.' The sun shines forth in all his strength and splendour and beneficence. The king 'redeems the time,' as he had promised, and with accustomed promptitude and energy proceeds to 'give the world assurance of a man.' By word and deed he gives the lie to his detractors, and by sterling qualities of mind and heart endears himself to all. How easily he rises to the height of his great office ! With what wealth and versatility of gifts and powers he wields the sceptre of his realm ! With what prudence he addresses himself to great affairs of State ! What courage he infuses into Westmoreland, who, on the eve of Agincourt, exclaims :

O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !
K. Henry. What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ! No, my fair cousin :
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.'

What magnanimity he shows to friend and foe—to his timid brothers, sorrowing for their father's death and fearful as to their position ; to the Chief Justice who had committed him for his mad pranks ; as previously he had shown to Douglass and to Hotspur, his beaten foes at Shrewsbury ! To the trembling brothers, he says :

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear :
This is the English, not the Turkish court ;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother, too ;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

To the Chief Justice, who is still more apprehensive, and who offers an ingenious and dignified defence, the youthful king replies :

You are right, Justice ; and you weigh this well ;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword.
..... There is my hand ;
You shall be as a father to my youth.

And who does not remember his generous tribute to his rival, Hotspur, earlier in the fray ?

Fare thee well, great heart !
..... this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in thy grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph !

The sole exception to this magnanimity is to be found in Henry's treatment of Falstaff, whom he casts off with the words :

I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers ;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !

But even in this painful scene mercy tempers judgement. Provision is made for his banished comrades. Falstaff is shortly afterwards released from prison, and though the king has 'killed his heart,' and might well have spared that ill-timed and not altogether truthful lecture to 'the tutor and the feeder of my riots,' still the sternness was demanded by the situation, and in keeping with the young king's character.

For, like all brave men, Henry can be hard. 'There is no better sign of a brave mind,' said Walter Bagehot, 'than a hard hand.' Henry's father says of him :

For he is gracious, if he be observed :
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity ;
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint.

Yes, hard as flint, if needs be, as the Christ Himself. See how he treats the traitorous nobles, Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, when, after plotting his murder, they cry out

against his clemency towards the poor wretch who has railed against the person of the king. Henry orders the man to be set at liberty :

It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

But the traitors interpose. It would be the truest mercy, they urge, to punish the offender. Then, when they have unawares condemned themselves, the king unfolds their guilt. The flint strikes fire. His wrath is terrible. His indignation flashes forth in words which make the traitors tremble. They sue for mercy, but the king, though moved to tears, does not relent :

Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin ye have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you, therefore, hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death.

Sternness and severity, if not the most attractive, are amongst the most effective of the qualities in Henry's character. He is 'every inch a king,'—a true *Conning*—a man who *can*—Carlyle's *Able Man*. With the doubtful exception of Ulysses, he is the most efficient of Shakespeare's heroes, and he is uniformly successful. He knows exactly what he wants to do, and does it. And when he has achieved his purpose he does not boast, but clothes himself in genuine humility. His modesty is beautiful ; it gives a charm to the robust and virile personality. Strong men are often proud, successful men vainglorious ; but King Henry, at the height of his achievement, is so far master of himself as easily, and as it were instinctively, to give the glory unto God.

His piety is the very marrow of his virtue. It nerves him in the hour of battle ; it saves him from the vaunting pride of victory. How lovely is the scene on Blackheath, when the Mayor of London and the aldermen, 'apparelled in orient grained scarlet,' and four hundred commoners,

clad in beautiful array and 'trimly horsed,' meet him on his return from Agincourt :

Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city : he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God.

Nor did Shakespeare attribute to the king this pious humility as an occasional quality. It pervades his whole conception of the character. It is the central point and crowning glory of the picture that he paints. Throughout the play that bears his name, the favourite oath of Henry, 'God before' resounds. His life was lived, as all heroic and effective lives are lived, as in his Maker's presence, and beneath his Maker's eye. 'We are in God's hands,' he exclaims on the eve of battle. These words and the splendid scene to which they belong diffuse a wonderful solemnity over the whole representation. The drama becomes a religious service. We are made to feel, not that 'God is on the side of the biggest battalions,' but that He is always on the side of those who, though inferior in numbers and equipment, humbly trust in Him. With deep insight and accustomed modesty the king perceives and emphasizes this great central fact in human history when, at the close of his astounding victory, he says :

O God, Thy arm was here ;
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all ! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and the other ! Take it, God,
For it is none but Thine !

Only with the acknowledgement that God fought for us, does he allow the list of the killed to be proclaimed :

Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum' ;
The dead with charity enclosed in clay ;
And then to Calais ; and to England then ;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

T. ALEXANDER SEED.

CAN WE STILL BE CHRISTIANS?

THE title of this article is that of a book issued by the German philosopher Eucken two or three years before the war. In view of the behaviour of the Germans since August, 1914, it may be doubted whether the word 'still' should have been included in the question. In any case we are not surprised to read that in the great cities of Germany 'every attack and even aspersion on Christianity meets with rapturous applause.' Eucken's answer to the question is that 'we not only can, but we must be Christians, only Christianity must be placed upon a broader foundation.' By this he means that we must no longer preach the Gospel of the Incarnation and the Cross. The Christianity which the present age needs is that of a purely human Christ.

Our present concern is not with Eucken's book, but with the question which he raises in his title. The problem which presses itself most urgently upon our attention to-day is not speculative, or theological, but practical. It is this—Is the Christian Ideal practicable? If the war has not discredited Christianity, it has certainly clouded the Christian hopes of many, and thousands of thoughtful and earnest men are asking themselves, 'Can we still be Christians?'

There is no need to labour the point that the present war has sprung from a fierce antagonism of ideals. Whatever may be said of the philosophies of Nietzsche, Treitschke, *et hoc genus omne*, it cannot be denied that they are animated by a bitter hostility to the Christian ethic. The doctrine of the scrap of paper and the maxims that 'might is right,' and that 'necessity knows no law,' however speciously they may be defended on grounds of expediency, cannot escape the reprobation of the Christian conscience. But the gauntlet has been thrown down, and the question that arises is—

Is Christianity strong enough to defend itself, and not merely to defend itself, but to overcome the aggressor ? It is not merely a matter of the relative strength of the contending armies and navies. A moral challenge is not answered by force alone. Even if the Entente wins the most complete victory over the Germanic Powers, the cause of Christian civilization can hardly fail to suffer a set back, and we shall always have to be on our guard against the recrudescence of the ideas which have brought the war to pass. Christianity sets before us the ideal of a universal brotherhood, but the present strife has led to the revival of the spirit of nationalism in its narrowest and most prejudiced forms. For many years men of goodwill have been toiling to build up the edifice of international law as a sure foundation for the amity of nations, but what reliance can henceforth be placed on treaties and conventions ? We, in this country, have always resisted militarism, and as an earnest of our peaceful aims we refused to accept compulsory service, and maintained an army which was so small that our enemies scoffed at it as ' contemptible.' In a life-and-death struggle for which we see now that we ought to have been prepared, we have had to begin almost at the beginning with the creation of armies. Now, very reluctantly, but of necessity, we have adopted a limited measure of compulsion, and we are determined that we will not be ' caught napping ' again. Will Britain be content with an army of a quarter of a million after the war ? Will those who speak of the limitation of armaments have any chance of being heard ? Is it not possible that victory will bring not the end of militarism, but a wider extension of its range and power ? Harnack says that the Sermon on the Mount is applicable to individuals, but not to nations. Is he right ? Is the dream of human brotherhood a delusion, and is there no hope of bringing the nations under the rule of Christ ? Must Christian civilization always defend itself at the point of the sword ? These are the questions

that are forcing themselves upon Christian men, and which are leading many to ask, 'Can we still be Christians?'

Such thoughts as these have evidently been agitating Loisy, the French modernist, who has written a book on *The War and Religion*.¹ His pages offer very little encouragement to the Christian man. They are pervaded by an almost unrelieved pessimism, springing from the belief that the gospel is impotent to realize its ideal. He anticipates that this assumption will call forth a protest from earnest Christian men, and says 'before this protest, which the author understands perfectly, he will maintain a respectful silence.' He holds that 'war is an almost inevitable evil, and one which will exist for a long time yet, if not always.' He hints that Christianity has 'passed over the world like a happy dream of immortality,' and asserts that its failure was inevitable, because 'the gospel knows nothing of nationality. . . . The gospel of Jesus implies the non-existence of nationality: it effaces it.' Nevertheless we are right to be patriotic 'even at the risk of being less or not at all Christians, because our only chance of living is bound up with our patriotism.' Christ's ideal of human brotherhood 'was a sublime and unrealizable dream.' Jesus taught that God would immediately establish His kingdom of righteousness upon the earth. He was mistaken, but 'an illusion is not vain which gives one the courage to face unavoidable deprivations.' There is, he thinks, much to be said for the contention that nineteen centuries of Christianity have led 'only to the revival of national religions, and to the shipwreck of internationalism and chiefly of internationalism in religion.' Indeed, 'Christianity, to be accurate, is not founded upon the notion of humanity, but upon the transcendental and unverifiable notion of a plan of eternal salvation, devised by the Master of the Universe for those whom He has willed to choose. From the first it offered itself rather as an international

¹ Translated by Arthur Galton (Oxford. Blackwell. 1s. 6d. net).

confraternity than as a universal religion.' We must, therefore, face the future without illusions. 'It is chiefly in the ideal that mercy and truth will meet together, that righteousness and peace will kiss each other. In real life these excellent things are achieved with difficulty.' He can see little meaning in 'Glory to God in the highest,' but hopes that gradually men will become more firmly attached to 'peace on earth among men of goodwill.'

Now the first thing that strikes us in all this is that Loisy's is another gospel than that which we know as the faith delivered to the saints. Loisy, as is well known, belongs to the eschatological school, which sees in Jesus a 'pale Galilean dreamer,' who in the intensity of his fervour, miscalculated the course of events. Every student of the Gospels knows that the interpretation of the eschatological teaching of Christ is beset with many difficulties, and there is little warrant for the extreme of dogmatism which makes this element the kernel of the gospel. The fact that this aspect has often not had justice done to it in the past, affords no adequate grounds for overlooking other aspects of Christ's teaching. Prophets of a good time coming, because of the infection of their faith and the hyperbole of their language, always seem to foreshorten the days, and kindle an enthusiasm in their hearers which leads them to think and believe that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. But no exegesis can explain away the evidence which the Gospels afford that Jesus taught that the kingdom of God would only come with power after much sacrifice and long travail, as the result of gradual processes as well as of sudden manifestations of divine power. In this, as in other respects, Loisy misreads the gospel. Indeed, the more carefully his book is perused, the more clearly will it be seen that his religion is not Christianity at all, but a religion which springs from faith in the capacity of humanity gradually to improve itself.

(1) But the questions raised by Loisy are important and merit attention. There is no more urgent need than the

clarifying of our ideas as to the relation of patriotism to the world-wide ideals of Christianity. Is it true that Christianity knows nothing of patriotism ; and if it is not, how is love of country to be reconciled with Christian universalism ?

The assertion that Christianity and patriotism are incompatible with one another overlooks the fact of Christ's devotion to His own country and countrymen. To a Gentile woman He said, ' I was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' When He sent the twelve forth, He said, ' Go not into any way of the Gentiles, and enter not into any city of the Samaritans, but go rather to the lost sheep of the House of Israel.' He came first of all to save His own people, and despite their hostility to Him He refused to turn aside to the Gentiles. But His vision and sympathy extended beyond the borders of His own country. He looked forward to the time when men should come from the north and the south and the east and the west, and sit down in the kingdom of God. He said, ' I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.' In the last hours of His life He prayed ' for them who are not of this fold,' and His final commission to His disciples was, ' Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations.' The drift of His teaching is all in this universal direction. God is the Father of all men, and the kingdom of God which Jesus preached is not an international confraternity, but a brotherhood which is destined to comprehend the whole human race.

Moreover, history proves that Jesus belongs to every country. According to the flesh, He was a Jew of the seed of David, but no one ever thinks of Him as such. He lives in our hearts as One who is freed from all national limitations. Either He belongs to no country, or ' every foreign country is His fatherland.' Buddha belongs to India, Mohammed to Arabia, but Jesus belongs to the world. The register of His birth is not to be found in the archives of Bethlehem Judah, but in those of the great City of Humanity. In the east and in the west, in the icebound

regions of the north and of the south, and in the scorching tropics alike, Jesus is acclaimed in a thousand tongues as Friend and Brother. He does not speak the Aramaic of the land in which He was born ; He speaks in every language under heaven. He belongs to all ; He is a member of every race ; He is a citizen of every country ; He speaks every language. As some one has said, ' He is the one great cosmopolitan.'

And yet He said, ' I was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the House of Israel.' How are we to reconcile His patriotism with His universalism ? Only by remembering that His patriotism was spiritual in its purpose and aim. To say that He was a patriot does not mean that He was a narrow nationalist, or that He would have countenanced everything that passes for patriotism to-day. The patriotism of Jesus was more than love of His kinsmen according to the flesh. It was more than love of that little strip of land which was made sacred by so many hallowed memories and traditions. It was love of the spiritual ideals and hopes and promises of Israel, and devotion to the service of those great ends for which God had trained it and set it apart. The most vital factors in the life of a people are the thoughts, desires, hopes, and beliefs by which it lives. The higher patriotism rallies all its resources for the defence of these, and the true patriot will contend for them to the death. The patriotism of Jesus was of this order. He did not say, ' I was not sent but unto Israel in bondage to Rome,' but ' I was not sent but unto the *lost sheep* of the house of Israel.' His motive in coming was spiritual, and the purpose of His life was spiritual. We need not doubt that He grieved to see His people in bondage to Rome, but most of all He sorrowed that they were in bondage to sin and lost to their spiritual heritage. The Jews had their own dreams of world dominion. The Messiah was to come to subjugate the Gentile nations and to establish the world-wide supremacy of Israel. But these dreams found no response in the patriot-

ism of Jesus. It was not so that He interpreted His mission. He came to call them to supremacy in faith and character and service. The Zealots aimed at throwing off the yoke of Rome by armed force. But Jesus spoke no word of approval of this movement ; on the contrary He condemned it. Merely to drive out the Romans and to be rulers in their own land would not be to regain their heritage or to fulfil their calling. They had lost more than their land. They had let go their living faith, and the first work of patriotism as Jesus conceived it was to lead them to the recovery of the most precious thing that they had lost.

A nation only really exercises world-dominion when it is supreme in the sphere of mind and spirit. Whether it be large or small, rich or poor, armed or unarmed, that nation is supreme which guides the thoughts and rules the spirits of men. A Roman poet wrote that, 'Captive Greece led captive her rude conqueror.' He meant that Greece, though conquered, imposed upon the Roman world her speech, her art, her religion, and her philosophy. Rome exercised material dominion, but Greece was supreme in the sphere of the intellectual and the spiritual, and that is the supremacy which counts. The true world-rulers are those who inspire our motives, guide our thoughts, determine our hopes, and kindle or quench our faith. This is the truth which gave direction to the patriotism of Jesus. He called on His people to rise to the highest kind of world dominion—to be pioneers of humanity along the highway of salvation, and to establish a spiritual and universal kingdom in which God's will should be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

It will be seen, therefore, that the patriotism of Jesus was subservient to a world-wide love and purpose. His primary mission was to Israel, but it was to save the world through Israel. He loved His people passionately because they were 'His own,' but also because He saw in them the fittest instrument for the fulfilment of the divine purpose. Israel was the providentially prepared seed-plot for His

evangel, and He concentrated on that one field, though His eyes must often have gazed with longing upon the fields which lay beyond. In His hands patriotism became an instrument for furthering the widest and most far-reaching purposes of God toward humanity.

If this interpretation is correct, there is no conflict between Christianity and patriotism. The gospel does not efface nationalism; on the contrary it purifies and glorifies and exalts it and directs it to right ends. Patriotism thus understood is not a narrow, bitter, and prejudiced nationalism, but devotion to our country as the means of furthering God's purposes to the whole race. What does it profit a nation if it gains the whole world, except it kindle in men's hearts the light of faith, and guide their thoughts along the ways of righteousness and truth? Patriots may still be Christians if they aim at making their country an effective lever for the spiritual uplifting of mankind.

2. The recognition that Christian patriotism is in its fundamental nature not self-regarding but other-regarding leads on to a realization of the fact that any discussion of the practicability of the Christian ideal must take account of the *unity of the race*. It is easy to reproach a nation or group of nations with violating the Christian ideal by resort to war, but the simple truth is that the rate of progress of one nation is to some extent limited by that of all the other nations. The individual's freedom is limited by the fact that he is a member of society, and that of the nation by the fact that it is a member of an organism. The individual often finds that despite himself his devotion to his ideal is in some ways compromised. The teetotaler, much as he hates the thought, cannot help profiting from the contribution of the drink trade to the revenue. The Quaker, though he would have us disarm, pays his taxes, part of which is devoted to the maintenance of our army and navy. The Tolstoyan, though he would banish all the machinery of law and order, cannot cast off its protection.

These compromises are inevitable, until the individual can bring society up to his own standard. And it is so with nations. There are ideals which isolated nations cannot realize in all their fullness, because the race is a unity, and no nation liveth to itself. If the ideal is to be attained, the general standard must be raised. A nation may be eager to disarm and turn from war and all its works, but it cannot leave its frontiers or coasts or distant dominions undefended, until other nations, too, strip themselves of the means of aggression. This is why, from the moral no less than from the religious standpoint, the need of evangelizing the world is so urgent to-day. Even if the Christian nations of the West were ready for disarmament, they could not give a large measure of effect to their desire, so long as the millions of Asia and Africa cling to the lower standard of the ordeal by battle. The race is a unity, and the backward nations impede the advance of those which are swift of foot and eager of heart. It is for the Western nations to lead the way and establish European peace upon stable foundations; but the whole world must come under the power of Christ, to a far greater extent than is the case to-day, before universal peace can come within the range of possibility.

3. Because the race is a unity and different nations are at different stages of development, any discussion of the practicability of the Christian ideal must take into account the fact that the ideal is progressively realized. Unless it is true that Christ staked everything upon the coming of the kingdom in His own day and generation, nothing could be more superficial than the assertion that Christianity is discredited because the Christian nations fall so far short of its ideal. Such a criticism fails to recognize the progress that has been won and the possibilities that lie open in the future. Everything that we know of history goes to show that spiritual ideals are gradually realized through the pain and travail of centuries. There are times of germination and fertility, of renewal and of revival, but these are the

culmination of long and silent and often painful processes that take place out of sight. The barren periods are not as barren as they appear, and in the development of the Christian ideal it is often true that the darkest hour is that before the dawn.

Development towards the Christian ideal does not always advance in a straight line, any more than do the processes of organic evolution. Bergson has shown that the *élan vital* sometimes finds itself in a blind alley, and has to return and strike out a fresh path of advance. It is so with the energy of the Christian life. It frequently happens that movements full of hope belie their promise, and a new beginning has to be made from a fresh starting-point. The early Free Traders regarded themselves as pioneers of universal peace and brotherhood. Britain was to lead the way, and other nations were to follow, with the result that for commerce national frontiers were to be effaced. But that way of advance is now closed. Everything points to the establishment of some form of economic unity between the Allies. But the solidarity of the Entente, instead of being a permanently dividing influence in Europe, may become a new starting-point for advance to international unity, if the alliance is conceived in no petty spirit of exclusiveness, but is regarded as the nucleus of a new federation of the peoples, into which other nations may enter as they qualify for admission. If the members of the Quadruple Alliance remain united after the war for the defence of the ideals of righteousness and freedom which are now inscribed upon their banners, and if, while entanglements which would compromise this loyalty are declined, other nations may join as they satisfy the conditions, then the future will be full of hope. As M. Paul Sabatier has written, 'the moral foundations of the Entente must be so stamped in our standards, that they shall forbid the joining with us of any who should plan to make use of our moral superiority to limit or to modify the rights and the liberties of others.'

4. No attempt to answer the question which stands at the head of this article would be complete which did not face the allegation that war is inevitable, and is a necessary part of the economy of the world. This view was expressed by Ruskin, who said that 'a nation is born in war, but expires in peace.' His meaning is explained by the following passage, 'I found the common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilization; but I found that those were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together; that on her lips the words were—peace and sensuality—peace and selfishness—peace and death.' This is a line of argument of which we are hearing a great deal to-day, but it is difficult to understand how any Christian can pursue it and still believe in Christianity. Let it be admitted at once that much good can be wrested even out of war. It is true that war awakens a nation from sloth, calls it back to the realities of life, and evokes untold heroism and sacrifice. This is only another way of saying that adversity has its uses. But it is hard to believe that these things can compensate for 'the grievousness of war'—the loss of precious lives, the rousing of the basest passions, the blunting of the finer sentiments, and the lowering of ideals. Do not the losses outweigh the gains? The following testimony in a published letter from an officer at the Front provides much food for thought. 'War I think morally futile, because I do not believe at all in the romantic view of it, i.e., in the good qualities which it is supposed to breed. It is true that it tests men, like plague, shipwreck, famine, or any other adversity, but in so doing it does not *make* the good qualities that come to light, it merely makes them apparent. No man in his senses would advocate the occasional sinking of a liner, or the inoculation of a disease, in order to promote heroism

and self-sacrifice, yet justification of war on such grounds is equally indefensible.'

But it may be said, is not war worth while in order to evoke these qualities which otherwise might never have come to light ? The answer is that Christianity supplies a *moral equivalent* for war—'If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.' It is only possible to argue as Ruskin argued, because we take the moral demands of the gospel too lightly. Obedience to this command would bring out all the heroism and sacrifice of which our nature is capable, and instead of devastating the world would enrich and sanctify it in all its parts.

This moral equivalent for war is no mere method of moral discipline. The task set before us demands the continuous co-operation of all the resources of our personality with those of the gospel of Christ. As Paul showed, to take up the cross is to be crucified with Christ, and to rise with Him into newness of life. This is more than moral discipline ; it is the outworking of an inward act and process and the production of the fruit of a hidden fellowship. The shaping of character is no longer at the mercy of events, and the bringing to light of dormant qualities of heroism is not dependent on fortuitous circumstances, but each is endowed with a power which enables him to bend events into the service of his character, and to bring all his sacrificial qualities into action on the battlefields of daily life.

We can still be Christians, if we are ready to share Christ's patience and love and travail.

H. MALDWYN HUGHES.

WELLINGTON AND BLÜCHER

The Duke's Life and Campaigns. By the REV. G. R. GLEIG.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Wellington*.

Blücher and the uprising of Prussia against Napoleon, 1806-1815. By ERNEST F. HENDERSON. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.)

THE opening years and the second half of the eighteenth century produced from different branches of the same stock, each then bearing the same patronymic, two men who, in their widely different spheres, were destined permanently to mould the spiritual and imperial history of that age. Both families sprang originally from the English Midlands. At the beginning of the Georgian era North Lincolnshire became the cradle of the race to which belonged the evangelical reformer but for whose initiative the England of his day would have relapsed into sheer Paganism. The second George's reign had nine more years to run when in 1769 the adjacent Rutland numbered among her sons the soldier who on the field of Waterloo prevented these islands from absorption into a world-wide Napoleonic Empire. Before the Reformation the Colleys or Cowleys had settled in Kilkenny County, Ireland, and there received considerable grants of land from Henry VIII. Before the Elizabethan settlement of Church and State, the Colley or Cowley emigrants to the other side of St. George's Channel had improved their position by a series of well-judged marriages, especially with those of the Garrett name.

During the earlier seventeen hundreds the Rutland-Walter Colley's descendant, Richard Colley, took the name of Wesley, in consequence of his adoption by Garrett Wesley, of Westmeath, who had married his aunt and made him

his heir. By this time the Lincolnshire Wesleys seemed all to have reappeared in their native land, though not necessarily in that portion of it containing the Manor and Rectory of Epworth. As Wesleys, the Colley Wesleys remained in Ireland, to be improved, before they left it, into a noble house. Richard Colley Wesley sat in the Irish House of Commons, and served his party and the Government so well as to be rewarded with the Mornington barony, in due course advanced to an earldom. The first Earl had for his fourth son Arthur Wesley or Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington.

It has been said that the adoption of the Wellesley name was prompted by a wish to distinguish the ducal from the religious branch of the line. That is a mere guess. The Duke could not be expected to have Samuel Johnson's enthusiasm for the greatest spiritual force of his time. He could not realize as Johnson did the dangers of worse than free thinking or even revolution from which the ex-student of Christ Church had saved both Church and State. But he took a personal interest in John Wesley's associations with the Isis. The Yorkshire all but centenarian, Martin Joseph Routh, became President of Magdalen in the year of Wesley's death. Just over four decades after that event came the Duke's first visit to Oxford. He may have taken rooms at the 'Mitre' or 'Star,' but spent much of his time as President Routh's guest. Routh, of course, perhaps the most remarkable link that had ever existed between the past and present, had visited Wesley in his rooms both at Christ Church and Lincoln; he showed the Duke where they were, recalled to the hero how he had himself walked with Wesley up the High Street, and how his grandfather, who lived a little longer than himself, had seen Charles II. with his Blenheim spaniels saunter round the Parks.

Some time before the Duke became Oxford Chancellor, he had won golden opinions both from town and gown. 'The change of dynasty in 1688 was not,' the Duke told

King William IV., 'a revolution ; it prevented a revolution. So with the substitution of a representative chamber for one packed with noblemen's nominees ; it might be called a surrender ; it was really a safeguard against civil war.' Therefore in 1832 the Duke pressed on the King Lord Grey's recall to power, and himself withdrew from all opposition to the Bill, that measure which had just caused the most determined of its Whig authors, the fourteenth Lord Derby, afterwards the Tory chief, to jump on a table at Brooks's and to shout at the top of his voice, 'The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill !' The common-rooms and debating-halls of Routh's day acclaimed the hero of Waterloo the sage and patriot of his time for the advice given to the sovereign and the example set to his party. In 1834 came the Duke's installation as Chancellor in the Sheldonian Theatre within a few days of the great battle's anniversary. The Tories were then beginning to rally after the disasters of two years earlier. The captains of the party gathered in force round their leader. Among Churchmen or statesmen were Lord Eldon, the Primate with bishops in troops, the Duke of Cumberland, several officers and comrades of the great man himself, such as Lord Hill and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who as Lord Raglan was to be twenty years later our Crimean commander-in-chief. Three days were taken up with conferring degrees, listening to prize essays and poems. Among the last was the Newdigate, 'The Hospice of St. Bernard,' by a scholar of Wadham named Arnould ; this, after a description of Napoleon crossing the Alps, contained the lines :—

Till on that field where last the eagle soared,
War's mightier master wielding Britain's sword,
And the dark soul, the world could not subdue,
Bowed to thy genius, Prince of Waterloo.

In 1863, as an undergraduate in the gallery, I myself witnessed the electrical effect produced by the fourteenth Earl of Derby's '*ipsa adest*' in his beautifully flowing Latin

address as Chancellor to the then Princess of Wales on her marriage. My venerable friend, Sir John Mowbray, not then its member but representing the University from 1868 till well into the eighties, was present on both occasions. From him I heard that the later outburst of enthusiasm evoked by the two Latin words was as nothing compared with the tempest of applause from undergraduates, heads of houses, resident dons, cynical lawyers from Lincoln's Inn, clergymen up from their rural livings, high ecclesiastics of all degrees, soldiers only second in fame to the hero of the occasion, at the couplets just quoted from the prize composition.

My august friend, the late Sir Robert Phillimore, in a closer and wider degree than most men of his time, linked the past with the present; he died in 1885. Just half a century before that, his father, Dr. Joseph Phillimore, as *Regius Professor of Civil Law*, introduced to the Duke, in a few short Latin sentences, the recipients of degrees. Lord Encombe, the great Tory lawyer's grandson, was described as '*Comes de Eldon unicus nepos.*' Lord Eldon, as High Steward, affectionately welcomed his descendant. Then came the Duke's old aide-de-camp, Fitzroy Somerset, '*Miles fortissimus, et quod maximum est commilito tuus.*' Once more the cheering rose to a hurricane, relieved, however, by one or two lighter incidents. On his formal instalment the Duke spoke a few Latin sentences, in which occurred the Latin forms of the names, James and Charles. '*Jacobus,*' boldly pronounced the hero; Dr. Wynter, President of St. John's and Vice-Chancellor, murmured a correction of the false quantity. The Duke gallantly advanced to the next name, which he called '*Carolus.*' Again Wynter interposed a correction; it was not received so meekly as before. '*Hang it,*' said the Duke, '*you can't have it both ways.*' The proceedings were wound up by a dinner in Christ Church Hall which the two University members, Sir Richard Harry

Inglis, with his colleague, came specially from London to attend.

The stirring incidents now recalled had been preceded twenty years earlier, in 1814, on the Isis by similar celebrations, gathering beneath the same historic roof other leading personages in the Wellingtonian drama. The Europe of a century ago talked about a world-war, an Armageddon and so forth, just as it does to-day. In October, 1813, 'the nations' had their three days' battle at Leipsic, after the same fashion, only on a smaller scale, as they may, at this writing, be engaged in some fight of as many weeks. The habitable globe had risen against its common oppressor, and declared that his butcheries and thefts must have an end. Waterloo ended what Leipsic had begun.

As if to be in time for the Encænna, Blücher had personally conducted through France to England the allied sovereigns, the Russian Tsar, Alexander, the Austrian Kaiser, Charles, and the Prussian King, Frederick William. George IV, then Prince Regent, had himself been the first to suggest that the Royal visitors should be considered his personal guests; he crossed the Channel to meet his brother sovereign in French water. The festivities in fact began with a dinner given by the future William IV, then Duke of Clarence, on board the *Impregnable*.

Readers of *Tristram Shandy* know that the eighteenth-century English army 'swore terribly in Flanders.' The habit was still at its height when, the best part of a century later, the Cinque Ports opened for the monarch's guests. So unbroken a stream of profane ejaculations as came from the old Prussian Field-Marshal's lips was thought never to have been heard in this country before. The swear-words were not indeed the worst of their kind; they reminded those who heard them of schoolboy profanities with which Lord Byron, the poet, used without rhyme or reason to interlard his home letters, as if to show how wicked he could be. Whether in letters to his wife, recounting his

triumphal progress abroad, or in conversation with the innumerable varieties of British hosts, Blücher's incessant invocations of the Prince of Darkness must have been almost as monotonous to those who heard or read them as Lord Chancellor Eldon's conversational denunciations of doom in his casual talk about business, politics, or theology. In London and other great cities, it rained gold snuff-boxes; as for the jewelled swords of honour, in perhaps his tenderest letter home, the old Field-Marshal exclaimed pathetically to his wife, 'What the — are we to do with them? for they bear forty thousand thalers' worth of precious stones, and, therefore, deserve care.'

Steam-propelled craft of an elementary kind had been known in different parts of the United Kingdom several years before the visit of 1813. They could not have weathered even the Straits of Dover, much less the open sea; and the Duke of Clarence brought the whole company hither in his flagship. Directly he had descended the gangway, Blücher's British apotheosis began. He found himself seized, shaken, embraced and kissed, and implored to tear his coat in pieces for the distribution of souvenirs. Ladies prayed for a lock of his hair; he could only point to his half bald head and meekly ask that what remained might be left to him. He had been afraid of the English drinking. At the outset he protested he could only touch the lightest claret; he kept his pledge, remained perfectly sober, and never once woke with a headache.

The Oxford function almost overwhelmed him, as it was almost to overwhelm the Duke of Wellington twenty years later. It also gave him the chance of making the one recorded joke during his stay. 'If,' he said with a smile, 'I am to be a doctor, they should at least make Gneisenau an apothecary, for we go together.' His helmet plumes were taken out, and furnished forth quite a little store of Blücher mementoes; and peers disguised themselves as footmen for the honour of waiting upon him. His hand felt the

exhausting effects of it all before his head. His present biographer, Mr. Henderson, amongst other stories, worthy a compatriot of the Baron Munchausen of our childhood, relates how, to save the flesh-and-blood original, an artificial paw at the end of a manufactured arm was used by the hero in his interminable round of salutes.

Before reaching England, Blücher had met in Paris the chief leaders of its fashionable world, who had watched his heroic risks, colossal winnings, and comparatively small losses at the '*rouge-et noir*' tables in the Palais Royal, and had been amused by the droll expression on his face when he saw a French marquis drink off in the twinkling of an eye four large cups of coffee and eat eight artichokes !

A Lord Lonsdale in our own time has been a German Emperor's chief host. A peer of the same line and title a century ago provided Wellington's Prussian colleague with a temporary home during part of his stay in the city on the Seine, whose gradual transformation into the beautiful metropolis of modern days had already been begun by Bonaparte ; it had been in an equal degree admired and enjoyed by the two allied generals, in whom all the world outside France saw the 'twin thunderbolts of war,' that were to crush the man who had recreated his capital and revolutionized his country. Wellington and Blücher only belonged to the same period of European history. In other words they were both eighteenth-century products and colleagues in delivering the world from one and the same tyranny. On the final accomplishment of that task at Waterloo in 1815 the great Prussian was seventy-three, the English field-marshal forty-six. Blücher, therefore, had brought to his work nearly two decades more of experience than Wellington. The Duke's academical honours came after he had laid down his sword, Blücher's when his military career had still six years to run, but its eventual triumph had been assured by the little series of victories constituting the battle of Leipsic. By this time, in the

eyes of all Europe, Blücher had become, not only a hero of the nations, but the central figure of innumerable episodes, situations, and anecdotes, some, perhaps, bordering on the fabulous, but not on that account the less picturesque or characteristic, and all, in many cases with appropriate engravings, set forth in Mr. Henderson's curious and interesting volume.

Something of resemblance or at least parallel may be traced in the two characters and careers in their professional vicissitudes and their private as well as public life. Neither man gave in his youth the promise of an illustrious manhood. Both indeed, till they were within a measurable distance of fame, resembled the ugly ducklings in the fairy tale. After entering on the path which led to greatness and glory their career was impeded by perpetual checks, sometimes the result of passing professional jealousy, but quite as often of a wider and more formidable movement against their strategy. Between 1809 and 1812 the attacks of the Whig Press were as bitter and as unscrupulous as those directed as nearly as possible a hundred years later against Lord Kitchener and Viscount French. Then, as now, the newspaper enmity was embittered by the refusal by the War Office of any exceptional facilities for the collection of early news of the various journalistic representatives in the field. One of the *Morning Post's* correspondents during the peninsular campaign was an officer of the 'Guards,' highly commended to the 'Iron Duke,' then Sir Arthur Wellesley, by his intelligence, his social position, and his professional attitudes; he had, however, in an unfortunate moment not only ventured on some rather outspoken criticism of Wellesley himself, but compromised their success by prematurely disclosing some of his plans. The great man determined, in his own words, that a stop should at once be put to that sort of thing. 'Charles Stewart, it has come to my knowledge that you are divulging facts which you ought to regard as confidential and adversely criticizing my dis-

position in your letters home ; now you know that I like your family, and that your brother, Castlereagh, is my great friend and supporter in England. If, however, you publish anything more about me or my movements in the papers, I shall send you home.' After this neither the Duke nor any of his chief captains had any similar reasons for complaint again. In Blücher's case, it was not the journalists but the professional courtiers, whose indiscreet, ill-informed, ill-natured gossip in the Royal and fashionable circles of Berlin periodically gave him a good deal of trouble.

Blücher and Wellington also both passed through the same kind of seriously discouraging vicissitudes. Both knew what it was to be superseded in their command, and more than once seemed threatened with personal eclipse. The Prussian monarch, Frederick William III, was never at ease with his chief field-marshal. Frederick the Great, in peace and war, but especially in the latter, had brought Prussian espionage to the highest point of perfection ; he had also impressed on his descendants the necessity of adapting it to fresh requirements. His grand-nephew, Blücher's master, wished to dispense with it altogether. When told by his palace oracles that he ought to know more about the enemies' movements, he simply said, 'Impossible. To gain such knowledge one must employ spies. Such people may be good enough for a Napoleon ; I can have nothing to do with them.' 'Our business, Sire, is by fair means or foul to crush the Corsican tyrant ; we must, therefore, not think about the means, but the end.' This difference of temperament rather than any active mutual dislike explains the periodically recurring friction between the two men. Paris intriguers and hostile bureaucrats played so successfully on the sovereign's idiosyncrasies, that his great subject knew more than once the temporary loss of his employments, now from confinement in a fortress, now from bitter years of exile.

Something like these experiences were to be Wellington's.

In 1808 the machinations of his ill-wishers reached their height. Wellesley, while waiting reinforcements at Vimiera, was attacked by the whole French army under Junot. By noon on August 21 he had routed the enemy; he proposed continuing the pursuit to the valley of the Tagus. Two officers senior to himself, Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple, over-ruled this purpose. The pursuit, therefore, came to an end. The convention of Cintra followed; and the popular preference of Wellesley's strategy over that of his rivals did not prevent his temporary supersession in the command. The three officers, Wellesley and his two rivals, reappeared in England before a court-martial. Wellesley came out of the ordeal with flying colours. The opposition, however, took some little time to disarm. Much obloquy had to be faced and surmounted before the Cabal was silenced, and the incident ended in Wellesley's reinstatement and Burrard's and Dalrymple's withdrawal.

Personally also and in their private life the two men showed many tastes of the same kind. Both were without flocks of friends; each had a few confidants of his own and of the other sex. The Duke's habitual reserve was sometimes penetrated by a genuine emotion; his deep attachment to his secretary and intimate, Charles Arbuthnot, showed itself in the agonizing concern with which he watched his bed and awaited the doctor's daily reports. 'No, no,' he said with tremulous voice and tearful eyes to the physician, 'he's not so bad as that—he'll not die.' That tender side of the great man's character became impressively uppermost when he gave his niece an account of the great battle. He began calmly; but the details and the realization of his own losses in Picton and others quite overcame him; he covered his eyes, and struggling to control himself tottered rather than walked out of the room.

Of susceptibilities like these, Blücher displayed nothing. His one more or less confidential friend, Gneisenau, his chief colleague during the Napoleonic campaigns, said that

when on service his conversation was like a rehearsal of his dispatches, and that if he met him when there was no fighting to be done he talked as one whose interests were entirely divided between the subsoil of his Pomeranian estate and the possibility of inventing a system that would help him to rise a winner from the public roulette tables. For the Prussian Field-Marshal had for the first alternative the agricultural pursuits of a primitive republican Roman with the passion for play that afterwards ruined half the best officers of the Imperial legions.

One of Thomas Moore's cleverest but practically forgotten satires, 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' introduces :—

A fine, fallow, sublime sort of Werter-faced man,
With mustachios which gave (what we read of so oft),
The dear Corsair expression, half-savage, half-soft,—
As hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blücher.

Napoleon's greatest general, Masséna (Manasseh), was a pure Jew. The nineteenth century Cincinnatus, so prominently concerned in Napoleon's overthrow, wore his Semitic descent in his features; he had also the Jewish fondness for dealing in uncertain values. On his Grossradow property a bailiff was about to follow the old-established method of the rotation of crops. The owner of the land thought he saw the assurance of a quick and better return by disregarding agricultural precedent. In vain the servant protested against tempting Providence by staking so much on a chance so remote.

He had, indeed, been a gambler from the first; the vice, he said, must be excused, because of his natural craving for excitement. That demand of his nature found satisfaction enough, during war-time, in his professional duties. On the return of peace the fierce delights of play became the ruling passion without whose gratifications life was not worth living. These indulgences brought their own punishment. For many years his prospects as a soldier were darkened and disturbed by his reputation as a man of

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pleasure. The English Field-Marshal, also, had the same addiction to social pastime, though of a different kind from the Prussian. Both had families of their own; neither could be called a family man. The lady whom Wellington eventually married, after a long engagement, was during his absence in India attacked by smallpox and suffered severely from its consequences. She, therefore, offered her fiancé his liberty when he returned. With the chivalry to be expected, he held himself to his original promise. The marriage, therefore, took place. It was followed by no disastrous results; it was scarcely a union of hearts. And the 'Beau,' his nickname in the fine world which was his real home, allowed no domestic encumbrances to interfere with the daily round of fashionable duties and pleasures.

Blücher had few, if any, of the Duke's social successes or opportunities. At all times he preferred the tobacco parliament or the gambling-saloon to the domestic hearth. Still, when absent on duty, he sent his wife extracts from his diary of professional happenings by way of home letters.

Such of these as relate to the great events in the summer of 1815 give their writer's views on the much-debated question of Wellington's Brussels movements during that period. More than once there seems little doubt Napoleon all but succeeded in his attempt to drive a wedge between the English army under Wellington, and the Prussian contingent commanded by Blücher. The Duke concerned himself not only to frustrate those tactics but to reassure the very numerous English residents at Brussels as well as the civilian population of the Allies, and so prevent any approach to the panic which not only the enemy's local agents, but his political adversaries at home, were doing all in their power to excite. In a word the most serious obstacle to Wellesley's progress towards victory, during the early summer of 1815, were of exactly the same kind as those that, a hundred years afterwards, were to harass, obstruct, and delay the operations on their various fronts

of the Quadruple Entente. The Duke of Wellington's personal ascendancy over his armies abroad and popular opinion at home largely resulted from his imperturbable calmness of mind, and serenity of bearing and temper. In his own phrase, he always contrived to know what was passing 'on the other side of the wall.' Perfect self-possession was, in his opinion, the distinctive mark, alike of a true gentleman and a great general. Next to preserving that attitude in himself, he deeply impressed the duty of cultivating it on those about him.

Did he carry this conduct too far, and so unnecessarily endanger his own success and that of the confederate hosts? Mr. Henderson, drawing his inspiration and his details in this very useful and interesting work from German sources, as well as reflecting the conventional German view, thinks that he did; and for the following reasons. On the evening of June 15, 1815, the Duke, amid his social pre-occupations, allowed Blücher to expect at Nivelles the English relief in full force and sent instead 21,600 men. Not only this, he failed to occupy, as some had expected, the village of Quatre Bras. On the eve of the battle, which, taking its name from that place, preceded Waterloo by two days, the Duke and his officers were at the Duchess of Richmond's Brussels ball, during those eventful hours in which Blücher's force was actually engaged with the French, and his Prussian ally expected and needed something more than a hurried conference with him about the dispositions of the next day, when Quatre Bras was fought; while Blücher himself a few miles off reconnoitred the ground and planned the details for attack and defence in the pitched engagement of the following day. The Prussian Field-Marshal had reached the Belgian capital when he did at Wellington's request for the special purpose of organizing movements. He brought with him the news of Bonaparte's imminent if not actual appearance at Quatre Bras. The Duke doubted, and only quite believed the tidings when conveyed to him by an independent

messenger, who waited to see him just outside the ball-room. After this indeed no time was lost. In the crowd of Belgian and Prussian guests, many of them non-combatant, the Duke and his staff slipped away without attracting much notice. The dancers had risen from the supper-table, were even going through 'Sir Roger de Coverley' and preparing just about daybreak to go home, before the citizens of Brussels generally knew that when the sun was fully up the repulse of the French had already begun.

The other Prussian criticisms of the Duke and his methods now adopted by Mr. Henderson resolve themselves into purely controversial statements of doubtful or at least disputed authenticity. Such is the assertion that the Duke exaggerated the number of troops which Blücher had expected him to send and antedated the hour of their arrival. Of such assertions proof does not seem forthcoming and is, it may be concluded, impossible. For Blücher himself the Duke never had anything but praise. 'What a fine fellow he is,' were the Duke's words about his colleague after Quatre Bras. They were repeated two days later after Waterloo. The personal contrast between Wellington and Napoleon showed itself in nothing more characteristically than the tone in which each spoke of the more famous among his comrades and opponents in arms. Neither at the time nor afterwards in his St. Helena conversation did Napoleon allow any special merit to Wellington; while 'Bluquair,' as he called him, was briefly dismissed as an incapable.

Napoleon, indeed, had seldom a good word to say about any of the world's great generals except himself. Contrast this habitual depreciation of forerunners and rivals with Wellington's ungrudging praise of all his really great predecessors and contemporaries. Sixteen years after his French antagonist's final fall and ten after his death, the Duke of Wellington often dwelt on the insufficiently recognized ability of his plan to defend Paris. Half a generation afterwards, when

his fighting days were over and he had become Commander-in-Chief, in 1848, the Duke then, within a twelvemonth of four score, showed that he had lost nothing of his intellectual power or professional skill by that scheme for the repulse of the expected Chartist attack upon London, pronounced by later experts like the Hamleys, the Chesneys, the Brackenburies, as well as by Lords Wolseley and Roberts, to be a masterpiece of strategy. Napoleon III, then on the French throne, inherited at least his uncle's habit of belittling those against whom he had a grudge. Himself 'knowing the divisions of a battle no more than a spinster,' he picked several holes in that tactical project. This no doubt would have been done also by the Corsican captive of St. Helena had he not at the time been for twenty-seven years in his grave.

The fifth Earl of Stanhope, the historian, died in 1875. The present writer had the privilege of hearing from him an account of his conversation with Wellington about the great captains of modern history. *A propos* of the difficulty in comparing Marlborough and Napoleon, he rated the presence of the latter at a battle as equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men. 'But,' he added, 'I can conceive nothing greater than Marlborough at the head of an English army. He had greater difficulties than I had with his allies. The Dutch were much more difficult to manage than the Spaniards or the Portuguese. But, on the other hand, I had most difficulties at home. He was all in all with the Administration. I supported the Government much more than they supported me.' Napoleon was probably the greatest '*homme de guerre*' that ever appeared at the head of a French army. He was the sovereign of the country as well. He alone bestowed the offices and rewards of State upon the soldier with whose prowess he was satisfied. His presence therefore stimulated privates not less than officers to supreme exertion. 'After Napoleon,' continued the Duke, 'Masséna was by far the ablest of all French

generals.' In 1809 the Duke of Portland's ministry despaired of preserving the hold on the Peninsula. The city of London petitioned the Government to prevent further waste by withdrawing the troops from Spain. One after another the frontier fortresses were reduced by Masséna. Everything depended on Wellington's judgement and word. The Duke never flinched. 'I consider,' he wrote home, 'that the honour and interest of our country require that we should hold our ground here as long as possible. Please God, I shall maintain it as long as ever I can.' Wellington therefore dug himself in just below the heights of Torres Vedras. He waited till attrition did the work of men. What was the result? In the spring of 1811, with an army reduced to half its strength, Masséna had to retreat behind the border strongholds. By May, 1811, he had given up all idea of expelling the English from Portugal. Many difficulties and disappointments still had to be encountered. There were checks and reverses as well as successes in the near and even distant future, but the overthrow of Napoleon by the confederate field-marshal in the triumph of 1815 was assured by and was due to Wellington's supreme decision in 1810.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE SOCIAL TRINITY

THE argument on which those theologians who favour the doctrine of the Social Trinity mainly rely is the familiar statement that there must be real personal distinctions within the Godhead if Love is of the essence of the Divine Nature, and if it has always had a place in the Divine Life. Perhaps no one has put this argument better than has Dr. Illingworth, who, in his volume on *Divine Immanence*, points out that if 'God is Love,' that is to say, 'if Love is to be thought of as thus absolute, or in other words synonymous with God, as distinct from being merely contingent on creation, there must of necessity be conceived a plurality of persons in the Godhead; for when we speak of Love we mean the affection of one person for another, and except it be taken in that sense, the word is utterly and blankly meaningless.' Such reasoning, however, does not go unchallenged. Mr. W. Temple, for example, in a chapter on 'The Triune Personality of God,' dissociates himself at the commencement of his study of this topic 'from any attempt to conceive the Divine Being "in Himself," if by that is meant "apart from His relation to the world"; and that for two reasons. In the first place it is only from His relation to the world that we know anything about Him, for even the most direct imaginable revelation is itself a relation to the world. And secondly, as He is actually in relation to the world, I do not know why we should suppose we come closer to His true Nature when we leave that relation out of account. God as He is in Himself is God in relation to the world; God out of that relation is precisely God as He is not, either in Himself or otherwise. We are not, therefore, called upon to handle riddles such as, How

can God be Love if there is no object for His Love? For there is the whole universe for such object. And we are not called upon to speculate on the mode of His existence before the creation if we do not think that the universe had a beginning in time.¹

We do not propose to attempt an answer to this criticism. Let us grant that it has at any rate some validity. The question then arises, Given that this particular argument is founded on an illegitimate attempt to conceive the Divine Being apart from His relation to the world, is it the only one that can be urged in support of the doctrine of the Social Trinity? The present article is an attempt to set forth certain other arguments in support of this doctrine, arguments which so far as the writer knows have never been fully and explicitly stated, though they may be found occasionally hinted at when the doctrine of the Trinity is under discussion.

(1) Benjamin Kidd in his *Social Evolution* affirms that man was 'born into the world with two forces destined eventually to revolutionize it; namely, his reason and his capacity for acting, under its influence, in concert with his fellows in organized societies.'² And the significant fact is that of these two forces, Reason and Sociality, the latter in some more or less primitive form may be said to condition every advance in the long line of life's progressive development. Let the reader recall, for example, the biologist's description of protoplasmic evolution. In that description the rational factor has little, if any, part; but sociality of some kind or other determines each step upward from the lower to the higher. The biologist traces an evolutionary process from the single protoplasmic unit to the anatomy of the human body. All living organisms, he tells us, are built up of cells. 'A higher animal,' as he views it, 'is nothing more than a colony of protozoans.' And that which distinguishes the higher from the lower

¹ *The Nature of Personality*, pages 97, 98.

² Page 42.

in this evolutionary process is a superior capacity in the protozoans 'for acting in concert with their fellows,' an increased sociality, or a closer association between the several individual cells. Thus at the bottom of the ascending series we discover organisms which are unicellular. Just above them in the scale of being come other organisms which have been described as 'living substances conveniently rolled up together in the same globule, but still separated from one another.' A further advance is marked by those cells 'which have thrown out threads of protoplasm by means of which they become loosely interwoven.' In still higher forms we discover a species of primitive co-operation and distribution of functions; in these higher forms there are nutritive zooids and reproductive zooids, that is to say the cells are no longer independent but have become partners in a common life. And this co-operative unity is further developed until organisms are arrived at composed of groups or layers of cells, each of which has its own distinctive function whilst all are united in mutual dependence and service.¹ Thus the species *spongilla* has been described as 'a colony of innumerable individuals working together towards a common object, in which they are unconsciously concerned; not all doing the same work, but specializing in mutual service in order that the purpose in life of each and all may be the better attained.'² And Prof. James Ward, in his account of Pluralism, calls attention to 'the same progress from relatively independent parts, barely conjoined and hardly differentiated, to highly specialized organs intimately associated together in a single living whole.' His description of the process is as follows: "'Loose colonies" of single-celled organisms are supposed to bridge the gulf between separate unicellular, and individual multicellular, organisms; the transitions beginning with dimin-

¹ See the art. on *Biology* in the Encyclo. of Religion and Ethics. cp. also Newman Smyth's *Through Science to Faith*, pp. 63-66.

² Dr. Greville Macdonald, *The Religious Sense in its Scientific Aspect*, p. 54,

ished competition and increased co-operation among the relatively unspecialized cells of each colony. But the specialization of function and consequent individuality to be found at first is very slight. The common hydra may be halved with impunity so that each segment will restore its missing half, but we cannot in this fashion make two bees or two frogs out of a single mature one. Or, again, the hydra may be turned inside out, and, unless forcibly prevented from resuming its natural shape, will eventually right itself and once more become normal. Obviously no such liberties could be taken with an animal in which more definite sense-organs, limbs, and viscera had been developed. As in bionomics then so in physionomics: every advance entails greater restriction and specialization of function, but also greater perfection—a more intimate mutual dependence and a closer consensus of members in a more complicated whole.¹

Are we justified, then, in saying that the social factor is not confined to man? Some of our readers will doubtless object to the application of the ethical term 'Sociality' to those lower forms of life with which the biologist is concerned. Let us, therefore, qualify our statement and say that the conditioning factor of progress in such forms of life as those referred to above is a more complex differentiation combined with a more perfect integration, and that the more complete the differentiation the higher is the integration of which social unity with its ethical relationships is the final expression. We may refuse to recognize sociality, properly speaking, in the lower organisms, but differentiation and integration are evidently present. And this is true not only of those forms of life which are the biologist's special subject of study, but of all living things in which we can trace a process of development from lower to higher. Prof. J. Arthur Thomson has the following footnote on the statement that 'as the ages passed higher and higher animals

¹ *The Realm of Ends*, pp. 58, 59.

are seen'; with respect to the term 'higher' he remarks, 'This is not an anthropomorphic impression. We do not mean by "higher" merely liker man; we use the twofold standard of differentiation and integration. Differentiation is the structural side of division of labour, it means increased complexity and specialization of parts. Integration means the consolidation, harmonizing, and regulation of the body into a more and more perfect unity. Thus just as a modern locomotive is a finer product than Stephenson's "Puffing Billy" in being much more differentiated and integrated, so the bird is a much higher animal than the earth-worm. That we do not mean liker man is obvious when we say that the grass is a much higher plant than the seaweed. It is much more differentiated and integrated, but it is not any nearer man.'¹

But what has all this to do with theology, and more particularly what is its significance so far as the doctrine of the Trinity is concerned? Well, the theologian affirms that the Divine is immanent in the world of His creation, and that the act of creation itself must be interpreted in the light of this Divine Immanence. And here let us note carefully what this doctrine implies. (1) The immanence in question is not simply the immanence of the divine thought, or idea, or purpose. The immanence of God evidently signifies that He is not absent from, or apart from, but present in the world; and if He is present, and increasingly present, then He may be said to be realizing Himself in this realm of time and space. But when we say this we do not mean, or only mean, that there is in the thought or imagination of God a certain idea or plan of what the world is to be (as the architect has a mind-picture of the house before he builds it), and that it is this divine plan or idea which is being realized in the world of His creation (as the artist's plan is realized in the finished building); we mean that the Divine is realizing, not His thought or purpose simply, but

¹ *The Bible of Nature*, page 150.

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within certain limitations, Himself, His own being and nature, in this realm of time and space. For if creation were simply a carrying out of the divine thought or plan, the world might reach its goal without being any liker the God who made it; just as the house is no more like the builder, i.e. it is no nearer being a human agent, than were the unhewn stones of which it is composed; or just as the finished picture is no more like the artist, i.e. is no nearer being a person, than were the unmixed paints upon the palette. The thing I make may be in perfect accordance with the plan I have in my mind without being a whit liker me. But the world's progress surely signifies a nearer approach to the Divine, and not simply a nearer approach to some idea or plan fore-conceived in the mind of God (if it does not signify the former, there is nothing for it but to confess that God is the great unknowable); man is liker God than were the creatures of the primæval slime, he is liker God than is the tiger or the ape. And for this approximation to the Divine, something more than an immanence of the thought, or idea, or purpose of God is necessary, unless by this latter is understood such a thought or purpose as that represented by the passage in the first chapter of Genesis, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.' The immanence in question, we maintain, must be one which signifies a self-evolution of the Divine, a realization of the life and being and nature of God in the world of His creation.

(2) Again, this doctrine of Immanence affirms that the Divine is present, but not equally present, in all things He has made. The words 'not equally present' are of some importance. They imply a Divine Principle which is everywhere present, but which is more fully operative in later forms of life than in earlier; more fully operative in grass than in sea-weed, in bird than in earthworm, in man than in the brute creation, in civilized man than in his primitive ancestor. In accordance with this view creation is to be

regarded as an age-long process, a self-evolution of the Divine, a process in which there will be more of God in the future than in the present, and in which there is more of God in the present than in the past. And the question arises, What is the immanent Divine Principle referred to above? Does our observation of the facts of Nature enable us to define it with some degree of exactness? Can we discover a Principle which is everywhere present, but which is more fully operative in later forms of life than it is in earlier, in higher forms than in lower? In other words, does Nature supply us with a revelation of the immanent God?

Let us turn to the inquiry we have just instituted. In biological organisms we discovered the earliest beginnings of a process of differentiation and integration, and the evolution of the organism, as we observed it, was an evolution of this two-fold process; the differentiation we noticed became more complex and the integration more perfect as the development proceeded. The grass, we were told, is a much higher plant than the sea-weed in so far as it is more differentiated and integrated, and for the same reason the bird is a much higher animal than the earthworm. And so we might have traced this evolutionary process through its many stages, until at last we arrived at man, 'born into the world with two forces destined eventually to revolutionize it, namely his reason and his capacity for acting, under its influence, in concert with his fellows in organized societies.' Thus the history of creation regarded as an age-long process, from the protoplasm to the human body, from primitive man to civilized man, and, shall we add? from man as he is to-day to the man of the future, may be described as a fuller coming into being, a more complete realization, of this primal and ever-present principle of a more complex differentiation combined with a more perfect integration, the highest form of which is found in the Society.

Now let us place side by side this statement of the scientist and that of the theologian. The latter, with his

doctrine of Immanence, tells us that God is present, and increasingly present, in the world of His creation, and that therefore He is realizing Himself, within certain limits, in the stages of the world's development ; that all such development or progress means that the Divine is coming more and more fully into being ; that God's creative activity is not from without but from within, and is to be described as of an evolutionary rather than of a manufacturing character. The scientist, on his side, points to the facts of life, and shows us that that which is coming more and more fully into being is the principle of a more complex differentiation combined with a more perfect integration ; this it is which is being evolved or realized ; this it is which is immanent in early forms of life, and increasingly immanent in later forms. Such are the two statements, and they cannot, so it seems to us, be kept apart. Certainly the theologian cannot afford to disregard or ignore the findings of the scientist. To do this would be for him to place himself out of touch with the realities of life. Let us venture, then, to bring these two conclusions into friendly alliance. Our argument will run as follows. If that which is immanent, according to the theologian, is God, i.e. God Himself, and not simply His Thought or Plan ; and if that which is immanent, according to the scientist, is the principle described above, the latter must be in some sense identified with the former. We say 'in some sense,' for we do not mean that the theologian is compelled to affirm without any qualification that this principle is God. To him God is personal, and he must be allowed to express his idea of the Deity in terms of personal being. This he can do, however, without difficulty, and at the same time formulate a statement with respect to the Immanent Deity in agreement with the scientist's statement with respect to the facts of life. 'That which is immanent,' he may say, 'or that which is being realized in the process of the world's development, is a form of existence the principle of which is a more complex differ-

entiation combined with a more perfect integration.' And if God is this form of existence, as the doctrine of Immanence implies, then there must be in Him differentiation and integration of the highest order, and such differentiation and integration is to be found, not in the single individual self, but in the Society. That is to say, in order to bring his doctrine of Immanence into agreement with the facts of life as enunciated by the scientist, the theologian must shape his conception of the Deity in accordance with the doctrine of the Social Trinity. Only then is the creative process perceived to be a continuous self-realization, a fuller coming into being, of the Divine.

2. Let us restate our argument along somewhat different lines, asking the reader to bear in mind what we have already said concerning the meaning of the Divine Immanence.

In the stress and struggle for life we find that the social factor is not without value, that survival in the struggle, that continued existence, is largely dependent on the individual's capacity for association with his fellows. Henry Drummond, for example, described the situation thus: 'There is no such thing in nature as *a man*, or for the matter of that as *an animal*, except among the very humblest forms. Wherever there is a higher animal there is another animal; wherever there is a savage there is another savage. This much, at least, sex has done for the world—it has abolished the numeral *one*. The solitary animal must die, and can leave no successor. Unsociableness, therefore, is banished out of the world; it has become the very condition of continued existence that there should always be a family group, or at least a pair.'¹ Prof. J. Arthur Thomson writes to the same effect: 'The non-gregarious animals are outnumbered by those that are social; the most secure, successful, and highly gifted birds are probably the rooks, the cranes, and the parrots—also among the most gregarious;

¹ *The Ascent of Man*, page 312.

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the monkeys—most of which are a feeble folk—are strong in their sociality. It is not then to self-assertiveness alone that nature gives her sanction of survival.¹ In human life the importance of the social factor as making for survival is still more plainly marked. 'Ordinary man,' it has been said, 'must be a social being in order to survive; for progress social life is absolutely necessary. So far as primitive man is concerned, there is some reason for thinking that he was not of choice a gregarious animal, but that a certain low degree of social life was generally necessary for his survival. The process of natural selection clearly results in the development of a gregarious instinct, for those who do not learn to enjoy the presence of their fellows have to contend single-handed with hostile forces, both physical and human.'² Or, to quote again from Mr. Benjamin Kidd, 'In the flux and change of life, the members of those groups of men which in favourable conditions first showed any tendency to social organization, became possessed of a great advantage over their fellows, and those societies grew up simply because they possessed elements of strength which led to the disappearance before them of other groups of men with which they came into competition.'³

Again we inquire, What significance has this for theological thought? The statements we have just quoted are concerned with the question of 'survival'; they affirm that in the struggle for existence such and such forms of life survive and others perish. Nature grants her sanction of survival, not to the strong only, or the intelligent, but to those most capable of social co-operation. And there are some who will rest content with this statement of facts. 'These societies,' they will say, 'became possessed of a great advantage over their fellows. They grew up simply because they possessed elements of strength which led to the dis-

¹ *The Bible of Nature*, page 174.

² Prof. A. Fairbanks, *Intro. to Sociology*, page 89.

³ *Social Evolution*, page 46.

appearance before them of other groups with which they came into competition.' But others, of a philosophical or theological turn of mind, will find it necessary to inquire, 'Why should nature grant her sanction of survival to such forms of life rather than to any other? Why should nature, or created existence, be so ordered that "unsociableness is banished out of the world"? Why should any form of social organization be endowed with elements of strength which give it an advantage in the struggle? That it is so, and how it is so, we can all perceive; but why should it be so? Things might have been ordered differently; why have they been ordered as they are?' Now this is a problem with which, not the scientist, but the theologian is concerned. For him there are two possible solutions. In the first place, he may make use of his conception of a Creative Personality, the Transcendent God, the Sovereign Maker of all things, and may answer the inquiry in some such way as this: 'Such and such forms of life survive because God has willed it to be so, the ordering of nature is the result of His decree, it is the edict of the Almighty.' This, we say, is a possible though not a very satisfactory solution. But it is not the only one. The theologian has his doctrine of Immanence, and he may base his answer on this doctrine. He may tell us that God is realizing Himself in the history of the world, in the process of evolution or development, and that, consequently, that which survives has more of the Divine in it than that which perishes. And certainly this answer is a more satisfactory one than the other. For the former solution does not provide us with a final explanation, since it suggests the further inquiry, Why did God will it so? Whereas the answer based on the Divine Immanence, while it may not silence all further questioning as to the why and wherefore, evidently supplies us with a sufficient resting-place for our thought, a more complete explanation of created existence, a more adequate philosophy of life.

Let us note what its adoption implies. The chief

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determining factor of survival, as we have observed, is Sociality. And Sociality is not a means to the acquisition of strength or intelligence, as if the society existed for the production of great men or clever men. Rather is it true to say that strength and intelligence are the means to increased Sociality. However that may be, it is the Many, even though they be individually feeble, if they are only united, who survive, and not the One, even though he be great, and strong, and clever. 'The solitary animal (or person) must die, and can leave no successor.' Now according to the theological doctrine, that which survives does so because it has more of the Divine in it than that which perishes. Then the unity of mutually dependent members, the society, has more of the Divine in it than has the simple, undifferentiated unit or individual. This being so, how are we to conceive of the Divine? If the society, as contrasted with the isolated individual, however strong, or intelligent, survives because it has more of God in it than its rival, it must have more of God in it in so far as it is social and not solitary, i.e. in so far as it represents a higher differentiation and integration. And, therefore, we conclude, the Divine Nature itself is essentially social, is differentiated and integrated as is the society; that is to say, God is no individual unit, but such a God as is represented in the Christian doctrine of the Social Trinity.

(8) Our third argument may be stated as follows.

When we examine the course of life's development we find that it presents itself as a series of ascending stages; it is not all on one dead level; one form of life is regarded as 'above another,' and it is always so regarded in so far as it is more rational and more social than the form of life below it. We are accustomed, for example, to speak of man as a higher type of being than the mere animal, we are accustomed to rank a blade of grass above a fragment of rock. What are our reasons for so doing? Why should the one be thought superior to the other? To say that the

man possesses reasoning power which the mere animal does not possess, at any rate in the same degree, and that the animal possesses instinct which the plant does not, and that the plant possesses certain tendencies, and, we may almost say, certain likes and dislikes, which the rock does not, is a part of the truth but not the whole of it. Reasoning power, or instinct and the like, is not the only faculty which invariably distinguishes the higher form of life from the lower. We note that the fragment of rock is composed of an aggregate of grains, while the blade of grass is composed of an aggregate of cells, and the principle of association in the latter is of a closer order than that in the former. It is simply combination and adhesion in the rock, it is co-operation in the blade of grass. In a similar way man is superior to the brute life below him. He is capable of a form of social organization impossible to the mere animal. For whatever capacities for social life may be possessed by such creatures as the ant, or the bee, or the beaver, the intricate complexity of human civilization is as far removed from their simpler organizations as the many-roomed mansion of modern life is from the cave-home of the savage. The upward slope of the line of life is constant and not variable. When we speak of one form of life being above another we always mean that it is more rational and more social, understanding the latter term as signifying that it realizes a more complex differentiation combined with a more perfect integration.

Now the theologian affirms that the God who is immanent is also transcendent. That is to say, God is regarded by him as representing a Form of Life above man. Whether there are other superhuman beings or not we may not be able to prove, but God at any rate is real, and He represents a Form of Life above man, He is something more than *primus inter pares*. What is the meaning of this 'aboveness'? The word is literally descriptive of spatial or local relationships, but such of course cannot be its signi-

ficance in the phrase just quoted. When we speak of God as the Form of Life above us, the expression must be understood as signifying that the attributes which distinguish the higher from the lower in the realm of our experience, the attributes, for example, which distinguish thinking man from the irrational brute creation, are to be predicated in a still more perfect degree of God. Now the higher is always distinguished from the lower, as we have pointed out, by the fact that it is more rational and more social. Such is the invariable significance of 'aboveness'; not simply more rational perfect being, but also more perfect social being, i.e. greater complexity combined with a more perfect unity. And when we speak of a form of life above man we must keep to this invariable significance of the term 'above,' we must understand by it a form of life in which these two characteristics are more perfectly present than they are in man. If we think of such a life as less rational than man is, or as less social, we have no right to describe it as a form of life above the human. An irrational being cannot represent a form of life above us, and neither can a solitary individual unit.

We all perceive how true this is so far as one of these distinguishing factors is concerned. To represent the Deity as an irrational being, as ox or reptile or bird, is in our eyes manifestly impossible and absurd. For man is superior to the animals in so far as he is more rational than they; and we recognize that God, as the Form of Life above us, must possess in an eminent degree the characteristic which distinguishes the higher from the lower in life as we know it here. Otherwise we contradict ourselves in applying such an expression as 'above us' to Him. 'It was a new thing in modern times when the unreason of the agnostic and the pessimist looked downward for a deity instead of upward. They do well to call it the unknowable or the unconscious, for they would only make confusion if they took the name of God in vain by using it of something lower than the beasts

of Egypt.'¹ So much we all acknowledge. The Form of Life above us must be of a rational, intelligent order. But now, what of the social factor? In emphasizing somewhat exclusively the importance of the rational factor, have we not been rather too anthropomorphic, too much inclined to confine our attention to one section only of the line of life's development? For it is by his superior rational faculty that man is most strikingly distinguished from the merely animal life immediately below him. But in the social factor we have that which invariably, and for all forms of life, distinguishes the higher from the lower; which is always the mark of progress even more evidently than is increased intellectual or rational power; for every part of the line of life's development 'aboveness' means that the higher shows an increase in social being, a more varied differentiation together with a more perfect integration, as compared with the lower. And if this is the meaning of 'aboveness,' then the Form of Life above us must represent a differentiation no less complete, and an integration no less perfect, than that which is discoverable among ourselves. That is to say, it must be of a social order. Granted that there is such a form of life, we can at any rate affirm this much with respect to it, that it is a society rather than a single, solitary, individual unit, though it does not follow that it is a society exactly similar to a community of human selves. So Prof. James Ward argues in the volume from which we have already quoted: 'Human beings owe their pre-eminence on this planet to social organization. . . . The law of continuity then would seem to suggest that individuals of a higher order in like manner are organized into over-individual unities, and so on—possibly *ad indefinitum*. This view would thus lead up to a society rather than to a person as the supreme unity of all. But apart from other difficulties that we shall have presently to consider—it

¹ Prof. Gwatkin, *The Knowledge of God*, I, page 9.

might readily be brought into line with the Christian doctrine of a tri-personal God.'¹

Our argument, as it affects the theologian, may be stated thus. If we are right in affirming that sociality, as well as reason, constitutes part of the essential meaning of 'aboveness,' and that therefore the Form of Life above us must be not only of a rational but also of a social order, the question arises, How is the theologian, with his doctrine of Divine Transcendence, to avoid the polytheism which to the modern mind is so impossible a creed? There is only one way of escape for him, should he desire still to assert that the Divine Nature transcends ours, and this is to be found in the doctrine of the Trinity, the doctrine which affirms that in the Godhead there are Three Persons and that the Three are perfectly One. The Trinity, wrote Dr. Illingworth, is 'that Divine Society whose co-equal members are one in infinite, eternal love.'² 'The social nature,' so the late Mr. R. H. Hutton affirmed, 'is of the very essence of the Eternal Being.'³ 'Not a solitary God,' Dr. Iverach contends, 'but a social God is the God whom Christians worship.'⁴ As a matter of fact neither a polytheistic conception of the Divine, nor a singularistic idea of God, can satisfy the necessary conditions of transcendent being. The former provides us with a Divine Society, but a Society the unity of which does not transcend such social unity as we ourselves are capable of; and the Form of Life above us must, according to the terms of our argument, represent a unity superior to any that can be ours. On the other hand, the singularistic idea of God is that of a form of life in which there is no real social activity or unity at all, its differentiation and integration are only those of the solitary, individual self. The one conception of the Deity which satisfies the necessary conditions of transcendent being is that which is contained in the doctrine of the social Trinity, the doctrine

¹ *The Realm of Ends*, pages 189, 190.

³ *Theol. Essays*, page 257 (3rd edit.).

² *Divine Immanence*, page 157.

⁴ *Is God Knowable?* page 212.

which affirms a multiplicity of Divine Persons, in the modern sense of the term, and at the same time maintains that these Persons are associated in a unity more perfect and complete than any possible to us. There may be objections to, there certainly are difficulties in such a doctrine of the Divine Nature, difficulties associated more particularly with the problem of the Divine Unity; but however great the difficulties may be, the fact still remains that if the divine transcends the human, if God represents a form of life above man, we must think of Him in some such way as this, as 'a Divine Society whose co-equal members are one in infinite, eternal love.'

This is not the whole of our argument. We have surveyed the past, the development from earlier and primitive to later forms of life, but something is to be learned also from a survey of the present and the future. To undertake this further inquiry is not possible here, and we must be content to leave the argument as it stands. Even though incomplete it is, we trust, a sufficiently conclusive proof of the truth of our statement that when the importance and significance of the social factor in human and sub-human life are recognized, the belief in a God who is immanent and transcendent necessarily implies such a concept of the Deity as that which is contained in the doctrine of the Social Trinity.

ARTHUR T. BURBRIDGE.

SAMSON AGONISTES

IT may seem late in the day to comment on *Samson Agonistes*. But no great poem has been so persistently underrated. Even admirable critics, whilst too reverent to dismiss it without real and lofty praise, clearly have found it hard to feel enthusiasm. It has become a convention to speak of the choruses, as Macaulay did, as crabbed and harsh and inferior to the blank verse. Yet, as a work of art, the drama is complete and flawless; nowhere, if in each case Milton's purpose and context be carefully considered, is there a single passage, such as several times occur in *Comus*, weak and unworthy of the whole. The landscape may be conceded to be bare; but it is alpine, bracing to blood and brain alike as no other poem is in this precise fashion. Everywhere are present lofty purpose, clear and deep thought, unfaltering morality, quiet fervour of religious feeling; and the whole is wedded to a diction uniformly admirable and efficient and a metre subtly appropriate to every turn of thought, to a degree which, even in this 'great exceptional master,' should excite comment. It is hard to understand that so many should find the poem dull.

Of all Milton's poems, this is, in more ways than the critics have seen, the most peculiar and personal. The 'celestial thief' seems content to give from his own abundant stores and to borrow from none other. The austerity, which is so marked a feature that it has taken the attention of every critic, is more pervading and universal than many suppose; it extends even to Milton's prodigious learning. Milton would cease to be Milton if he ceased to be allusive. But I believe it can be shown that his allusions in this poem are far fewer than is usual with him; and are marked by a bareness and hinting character. The poet simply

glances, as it were, at realms of whose existence and treasures he is richly cognisant but from which he no longer wishes to borrow. He is bringing forth from that abundance of his for the last time ; and, conscious of this, he does not care to put forth anything but such possessions as are entirely native and personal. When his present task is done, his commission expires, and man shall not see those stores open again. But we must turn to the poem itself.

The opening speech has been universally admired ; as indeed could not be otherwise. Much of its pathos comes from the fact that Samson is an obvious mask for England's stricken poet. Milton's personal feeling, everywhere pervading the drama, seems to become concentrated in certain passages ; ¹ of Samson's self-reproach and acknowledgement of desert received he could feel nothing as personal to himself. Yet, noble as this speech is, one wonders if the critics can have felt its real beauty. It has obviously often wearied them, for all their protestations of admiration ; otherwise, they would not have spoken of it as if it were the splendid opening of a poem which afterwards flags. Whereas, to change the metaphor, it is but the mouth of a cave which grows ever sacreder and nearer to the Presence as we travel into its recesses. To my mind, many things in the poem are even more moving than this admirable beginning. But in it note especially lines 9-11—

But here I feel amends—
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With dayspring born ;

his solemn joy, as ever, in dawn. In youth he had been the poet of the upland furrows as the sun rose over them ; in his blind age he is still touched to deepest satisfaction by the inward contemplation of that hour of keen airs, when

the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire. The wind blows cold,
Whiles the morning does unfold.

¹ See, in this speech, lines 1, 2, 12-22, 30-34, 65-110.

Nowhere does Milton more clearly speak in his own person than in lines 30-32—

Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Designed for great exploits ?

Lines 115 seq.—For conscious control and intimate oversight of words this is perhaps the most masterful passage in the language.¹ If any line has a syllable more or less than another, there is a reason, and almost always a demonstrable one. To take some examples which Dr. Bridges has not troubled to cite :

Or grovelling soiled their crested helmets in the dust (ll. 141) ;
the length of this line expresses the full length and prostrate position of the Philistian warriors. Lines 148-50—

Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so ;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven—

by their rhythm express the labouring and difficult character of the operation they describe (Samson's rape of the gates of Gaza) ;

Or the *sphère* of *fortune* raises (l. 172),
a trochaic movement in the midst of iambics ; the 'lift' given to the metre by the sudden inversion coming in the first foot expresses the upward turn of Fortune's shifting wheel ;

Universally crowned with highest praises (l. 175),
with its huddled syllables expresses the tumultuous character of popular acclamation.

How admirably descriptive of the facts is such a phrase as 'a peal of words' (l. 235), of the cause for Samson's fall to Dalila ! But, passing over many things noble beyond all praise, such as the sober gravity and adequacy, surpassing epigram, of the lines on Jephtha, when

; his prowess quelled their pride
In that sore battle when so many died
Without reprieve adjudged to death
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth,

¹ For the lines of this chorus, see Dr. Bridges' splendid analysis.

and the picture of Samson,

far renowned,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walked their streets,

we come to Samson's description of his fault, and his fall ;

in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turned me out ridiculous, despoiled,
Shaven, and disarmed among my enemies.

This is true repentance, the man showing himself no mercy, but putting his sin so strongly that he does not hesitate to show himself as weak and ridiculous. He prays that bitterest of all prayers, ' God, be merciful to me, a Fool ! ' or, rather, he does not dare look for any mercy at all, despite his secret hope that he cannot fail of receiving it. Samson finds a fierce satisfaction in painting his demerit and ensuing punishment in the roughest terms. Notice the expression of such lines as 573-4 :

Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food,
Consume me,

where the Muse, in self-mortification, comes in clouts.

His next speech is the one that contains that most pathetic expression of the feelings of a beaten man, worn to the uttermost :

Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself ;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Manoa's attempt to soothe his son is answered by a speech where suffering grows to agony. The short, irregular lines turn and writhe like a body in torment. Yet even here Milton remains so much his own self that the passage contains a reminiscence of Iago's

Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owed'st yesterday.

The Dalila episode follows. Surely never did any one argue so exasperatingly as she does! Very subtly are Samson's afflictions heightened as the tragedy proceeds. But this scene is the turning-point of the drama. Hitherto, we have seen *Samson Patiens*, enduring almost inconceivable wrong and suffering, 'exulceration' of mind. From this point his triumph begins. From an exterior view, his sorrows increase and crowd upon him; taunt and injustice follow quickly. But we feel his God-given strength, only forfeited for a while for his misuse of it, flowing back to him. He is able to cope with his troubles. We hear the stream of his life gathering force as it proceeds irresistibly to the final crashing triumph. He has expiated sin and folly; now redemptive powers, no longer neutralized, assert their sway, and divine hands become his shepherd and guide to his blind steps. It is almost impossible to conceive of more specious impudence than Dalila's. If it wavered before, the reader's sympathy is here finally and most powerfully captured for the poor sufferer. Whatever his guilt, we feel such insult as this must enlist Nemesis on his side. In Milton's splendidly-balanced world, this scene, ethically speaking, makes Samson's vindication certain. We feel,

if this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness
And Earth's base built on stubble.

As the Greeks would have judged, Milton certainly had dramatic qualities. The whole of this scene is most admirable, and Dalila is very clearly brought before us. I never read it but I feel angry with her. She shows her hypocrisy by the nonchalant composure with which she observes, when her reasonings are torn to shreds,

In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

After teasing the captive almost to frenzy, she takes leave in a passage whose cynical impudence, now that she finds all her excuses (as she had probably anticipated) in

tatters, is only equalled by its splendour as poetry. Even Milton has done nothing grander (though many things as grand) than the speech (lines 960-95) which contains the single line

Eternal tempest never to be calmed,

the splendid imaginative description of fame, and the exalted strains beginning

But in my country, where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Ashdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals.

Those lines have the very swing of her robes as she flaunts away. Keeping her effrontery to the last, she appeals to his own national story, thus impliedly ranking her wronged husband with Sisera and herself with Jacl. No wonder the chorus, with thankful conviction, observes

She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

Samson is now safe; nothing save open violence remains. The one fear his past justified was that his uxoriousness might cause him to be cajoled. But even he sees the essential truth of Dalila's offence (ll. 1008-9), and this danger is surmounted. Defiance and bluster he can easily meet; and victory is now assured. The crisis is over.

The familiarity of the chorus with Samson in lines 1016-17 is very Greek and very delightful.

Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head (l. 1024).

Such a line is very rare in this play, where the diction is so direct and free from periphrasis.

The Harapha episode is no less admirable than the one just over, from the bragging roll and entry of the vacuous monster to his crest-fallen departure. There is pathetic dignity in Samson's reply to Harapha's mean and cowardly remarks on his need of washing; and in lines 1168-77 we find again the one thing that, throughout the play, makes Samson submissive and despairingly humble, remembrance

of his relations with God and the wrong his folly has done the divine confidence in him. Harapha's only advantage in his wordy combat is gained by his blustering reference to this (ll. 1156-77); just as, in Arnold's poem, Rustum gains no advantage except in the one thing that incapacitates his foe, Sohrab's instinct that he is confronting his father. Thus, spiritual things confuse material issues and work our downfall here; but on the stricken field where the flesh fails, in its very death and defeat the spirit conquers and rises. And this scene with Harapha finishes with as complete a discomfiture as literature shows.

Lines 1,472—the end.—From every point of view, dramatic or poetic or moral, this is one of the supreme passages of all literature. It is the vindication of Samson on a nobler stage than ever graced tragic hero. Notice how admirably the alternations of hope and fear between Manoa and the chorus are depicted; and how awfully and surely, on the grave swell of the mighty verse, we feel great issues to be approaching. We share in the breathless glory of that interchange between the Messenger and the 'greatly' bereaved father. Nor has even the Sacred Muse, in her psalmists and prophets, sung any grander triumph-chant than the exultant one beginning

While their hearts were jocund and sublime.

Note the rushing splendour of such lines as 1687-96; in their movement is all the swift arousal and attack and invincible swoop of the 'evening dragon' and eagle they describe. Yet this is not all, for Manoa's superb words follow. Only *King Lear* can parallel this, for stoicism raised to such a pitch that it braces the spirit beyond the power of hope and joy. After this, comment or continuation, we feel, is impossible, and the brief sublimity of the last chorus falls like a benediction after 'a solemn music.' Years before, Milton, in *Comus*, had finished a work whose beauty, though great, is halting and a shade immature, with

strains of unearthly serenity, the truest prophecy of his later voice that his early work contains. Now, in this closing chorus he writes lines that read like a revision of those in *Comus*; it is as if Blake, in his stern old age, could have revised a Rossetti design. Something from such plays as the *Bacchae* Milton had learnt, or he could not have with such supreme parsimony ended a scene of such exalted feeling. This is the only play of this kind in English that has equalled the divine reticence of the Greeks, on their own ground. So Samson passes from our sight, with the accompaniment of solemn gestures and swelling thoughts rather than with many words. But he dies with such music as a god might play at the obsequies of a fellow-god. It is a depressing testimony to the want of real artistic perception in our nation that a play which, had it been written by *Æschylus*, would have won the worshipping plaudits of his countrymen, should have met with so few sincere lovers. But the awakening, however delayed, must come some day; if not from Milton's own countrymen, then from some other more perceiving nation.

It is curious how the critics and the poets are at variance over Milton; he is a mount of division between them. The critics allow his greatness with little grace and laud him grudgingly. They love to put him in unequal competition with Shakespeare, whom they praise at Milton's expense. They select from (say) *Lycidas* one of their stock carping-places, whipping-blocks—the apparition of St. Peter or the enumeration of flowers of all seasons; and they say in horror: 'Shakespeare would never have been guilty of such a fault! He was too profound a student of nature,' or some such remark 'to this defect.' To which it is very right, meet, and our bounden duty to reply, waiving for the moment the extreme improbability that these supposed slips are otherwise than admirable: 'So Shakespeare would not have done this kind of thing? Perhaps not, but he has done many things as bad or worse, in another kind.' Here it is

well to stop ; nothing should induce us to commit the converse indecency of dealing with Shakespeare as they have seen fit to deal with Milton.

But the poets find it hard to put any limits to their admiration for Milton. They are at one here, and declare with conviction and emphasis that the practical equality of Milton and Shakespeare is a thing beyond all excuse for doubting. Shakespeare stands higher, only because the field in which he is supreme is by general consent the loftiest in which the human imagination can exercise itself. But he is no whit more indubitably supreme in drama than Milton and Homer, these two (for herein also, by a sort of happy misfortune is Milton inferior, by the gods having given him a fellow and compeer), are in epic. And with regard to English poetry it may be said of Shakespeare and Milton, each in his province, as the Indian sages speak of God : ' One only, and one without a second.' For they have occupied their realms to the exclusion of any rival. Hence, if we were to perpetrate the folly of allotting the third place among English poets, it might be given to Shelley, on the ground that he is supreme in the remaining field of poesy, the lyrical, which they have not dominated, although they have both asserted themselves by triumphant incursions here also. But Shelley is not predominant in lyric, as they are in drama and epic, but has rivals more than one ; and to consider him as entitled to a rank such as theirs would be highly erratic. And if on more philosophic and satisfactory grounds we looked for the third in our Parnassus, Spenser and Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning, all claim the distinction. Chaucer cannot be mentioned for several reasons, one of which of itself precludes us from dragging his name into so unconvincing a discussion. From Spenser to the present, the line of English poets has been continuous and sufficiently constant ; but between Chaucer and Spenser are two yawning centuries whose poets are interesting failures, their verse having few high merits of an *absolute* kind. In-

deed, putting apart the great name of Chaucer, it may be affirmed that Middle English literature cannot compare for a moment with the work of that earlier muse, fresh from the salt-spray and the crossing winds, of Anglo-Saxon days. Chaucer stands in isolation, as no other does. Axe Edge may be compared with Kinderscout; but we may compare the Wrekin with neither. The dual pre-eminence of Shakespeare and Milton comes home afresh to the amazed conviction of each age.

But to return to the poets' opinion of Milton. Even the poets of the eighteenth century kept a real, if uneasy respect for him, which in their more genuine members deepened into reverence and admiration, in Cowper, Collins, Gray. There has always been a select line of succession in whom this dual regency, unshared with any other, of Shakespeare and Milton, has been recognized and remembered, beginning with Marvell and Dryden. Even Byron, the one English poet of mark whose critical ability was *nil*, was sufficiently awed by Milton's great name to include him in the Trimurti of his poetical pantheon :

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope.

Keats was his devout student, and enriched the literature of Milton with comments that in some cases are profound and splendid. Shelley opined that the time would come when Christianity would survive only in Milton's sublime epic; and all will remember his fervent, almost worshipping praise, in *Adonais*, of him 'who was the sire of an immortal strain.' It is beautiful to see how Coleridge, after quoting, in a poem of the nightingale the words 'most musical, most melancholy,' adds a note to avoid even the appearance of being capable of treating a line of Milton with levity. Notice also his jealousy, in his notes on Hayley's *Life of Milton*, of any criticism of Milton and his readiness to defend him. Wordsworth has given constant expression to his loyalty to so great a man and poet; and on one occasion adds an irrelevant note

to one of his own poems, solely because he could not resist the temptation to testify to his regard for one to whom he owed so much. Tennyson, though his *Alcaics* express an uncritical preference for what is not Milton's most admirable work, praised him excellently and followed him closely. In our own day, William Watson has ranked him above Shakespeare, as the king of English poetry, and Robert Bridges, in verse, has caught his delicate cadences, and in prose has conducted an examination of his versification which is a monument of minute insight and of reverential regard. The only considerable poet who on occasion permitted himself to speak foolishly concerning Milton was Matthew Arnold, and he was half-critic. Similarly, in writers whose critical gifts were better developed than their creative ones, such as Lowell, we find an inadequate appreciation. And when we turn to those who have no part nor lot in the muse, such as Bagehot, we find the treatment, so good elsewhere, almost entirely devoid of insight or usefulness. In truth, it is only poets, inured to the arduous exercise of verse, who can see how marvellous is that never-failing cunning, that associative subtlety, that divine parsimony and no less divine prodigality, and that lofty seriousness, resting deep upon a character serene and self-controlled.

EDWARD J. THOMPSON.

THE LAST DAYS OF THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

THE pathetic side of the last two or three years of Watts-Dunton's life was that he had outlived nearly every friend of youth and middle age, and with the one or two old friends of his own generation who survived he had lost touch. Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, William Morris, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Borrow, William Black, Dr. Gordon Hake, Westland and Philip Marston, Jowett, Louise Chandler Moulton, William Sharp, James Russell Lowell, George Meredith, were gone. Mr. William Rossetti, the only one of the old fraternity left, now rarely (he tells me) leaves his own home. In any case he and Watts-Dunton had not met for years. Mr. Edmund Gosse, once a frequent and always an honoured visitor to 'The Pines,' was rarely if ever there during the years that I came and went.

It was between Swinburne and Mr. Gosse that the intimacy existed, though by both the intimates he was to the last held in high regard. Mr. Gosse would have the world to believe that he grows old, but no one who knows him either personally or by his writings can detect any sign of advancing years. On the contrary both in the brilliance of his personality and of his later intellectual achievements he appears to possess the secret of eternal youth. It was neither oncoming years nor any lessening of friendship between him and Swinburne which was responsible for Mr. Gosse's defection, but the fact that he had added to his other duties that of Librarian to the House of Lords. This, and his many and increasing official and literary activities, kept and keep him closely occupied, and so it was that his name gradually, insensibly, dropped out of the list of visitors at 'The Pines.'

Mr. Thomas Hake was with Watts-Dunton to the end,

and indeed it was not a little due to the help of 'The Colonel' (the name by which from his boyhood Mr. Hake was known at 'The Pines' on account of his cousinship with Colonel, afterwards General Charles Gordon) that Watts-Dunton accomplished so much literary work in his last decade. Some of the younger men, Mr. Clement Shorter (accompanied now and then by his poet wife), Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Herbert Jenkins, Mr. Henniker-Heaton, Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett and Mr. F. G. Bettany, remained in touch with 'The Pines' until Watts-Dunton's death. I met none of them there myself, as, after I went to live a long way from London, my own visits were less frequent, and being a friend of older standing, with memories in common which none of the newer friends whom I have mentioned shared, it was generally arranged that I was the only guest. That there was no forgetfulness or lessening of friendship on Watts-Dunton's part towards the friends whom he so rarely met is evident by the following extract from a letter in reply to a question on my part whether it would be possible for him to be my guest at one of the Whitefriars Club weekly gatherings. 'I should look forward,' he wrote, 'to seeing some of the truest and best friends I have in the world, including yourself, Robertson Nicoll, Richard Whiteing, and Clement Shorter. And when you tell me that F. C. Gould is a Friar (the greatest artistic humorist now living in England) I am tempted indeed to run counter to my doctor's injunctions against dining out this winter.

'The other day I had the extreme good luck to find and buy the famous lost water-colour drawing of the dining-room at 16 Cheyne Walk, with Rossetti reading out to me the proofs of *Ballads and Sonnets*. I am sending photographs of it to one or two intimate friends and I enclose you one. The portrait of Rossetti is the best that has ever been taken of him.'

Of all the friendships which Watts-Dunton formed late in life, none was so prized by him as that with Sir William

Robertson Nicoll. As it was I who made the two known to each other, and in doing so removed an unfortunate and what might have been permanent misunderstanding, I may perhaps be pardoned for referring to the matter here.

The name of Sir William coming up one day in a conversation, I discovered to my surprise that Watts-Dunton was feeling sore about some disparaging remark which Sir William was supposed to have made about him. I happened to know how the misunderstanding came about, and I told Watts-Dunton the following true story, illustrating how easily such misunderstandings arise, and illustrating, too, the petty and 'small beer' side of 'literary shop' gossip. It concerned an editor and an author. The author employed a literary agent who offered the editor one of the author's stories. 'I have set my face against the middle man in literature,' the editor replied. 'If Mr. — likes to offer me his story direct, I'll gladly take it and pay his usual price per thousand words, but buy it through an agent I won't.'

This came to the ears of the author, who remarked, 'That's rather unreasonable on —'s part. I buy the periodical he edits through an agent. I don't expect him to stand in the gutter like a newsboy selling me his paper himself at the street corner, and I don't see why he should object to my offering him my wares by means of an agent.'

This not unfriendly remark was overheard by someone, who told it to someone else, who repeated it to another person, that person in his turn passing it on, and so it went the round of Fleet Street and certain literary clubs. The copper coinage of petty personal gossip, unlike the pound sterling coin of the realm, becomes magnitudinally greater, instead of microscopically less, by much circulation. Instead of infinitesimal attritions as in the case of the coin, there are multitudinous accretions, until the story as it ultimately started life, and the story as it afterwards came to be told, would hardly recognize each other at sight as blood relatives.

By the time the innocent remark of the author came to the ears of the editor concerned it had so grown and become so garbled that its own father would not have known it. 'Have you heard what So and So? the author said about you?' the editor was asked. 'He said that he hoped to live to see you in the gutter, perhaps selling at the street corner the very paper you now edit.' Not unnaturally the editor's retort was uncomplimentary to the author, who when the retort came to his ears expressed an opinion about the editor which was concerned with other matters than the editorial objection to the middle man in literature, and so a misunderstanding (fortunately long since removed) arose in good earnest.

I should not put this chronicle of journalistic small beer—a version as it is of the famous 'Three Black Crows' story—on record, were it not that it was exactly in the same way that an innocent remark made by Sir William Robertson Nicoll had been misrepresented to Watts-Dunton. This I did my best to explain to the latter, but not feeling as sure as I wished to be that all soreness was removed, I asked him to lunch with me at the Savage Club, and then invited Dr. Nicoll, as he then was, to meet him. There was at first just a suspicion of an armed truce about Watts-Dunton, in whose memory the supposed attack upon himself was still smouldering, but his interest and pleasure in the conversation of a student and scholar of like attainments to his own soon dispelled the stiffness. A chance but warmly affectionate reference to Robertson Smith by Dr. Nicoll drew from Watts-Dunton that long drawn 'Ah!' which those who knew him well remember as meaning that he was following with profound attention and agreement what was being said.

'Why I knew that man—one of the salt of the earth,' he interpolated. Then he added gravely, more reminiscently than as if addressing any one, 'I had affection for him!' Leaning over the table, his singularly brilliant and pene-

trating eyes full upon the other, he said almost brusquely, 'Tell me what you knew of Robertson Smith!'

Dr. Nicoll responded, and within five minutes' time the two of them were talking together, comparing notes and exchanging experiences and confidences like old friends. As we were parting Watts-Dunton said to me, 'You are coming to lunch on Monday. I wish I could persuade our friend Nicoll here to accompany you, so that Swinburne could share the pleasure of such another meeting as we have had here to-day.'

The invitation was accepted by Dr. Nicoll with the cordiality with which it was offered, and I may add with the usual result for the intervener. 'Patch up a quarrel between two other friends, and find yourself left out in the cold,' Oscar Wilde once said to me. I had merely removed a misunderstanding, not patched up a quarrel; but the result of my bringing Watts-Dunton, Nicoll, and Swinburne together was that on the occasion of the first meeting of all three, they had so much to talk about and talked about it so furiously, that I had occasion to ask myself whether the 'two' in the proverb should not be amended to 'three' so as to read 'Three's company; four's none.' Thereafter and to his life's end Watts-Dunton could never speak too gratefully or too appreciatively of Sir William Robertson Nicoll. He came indeed to hold the latter's judgement, alike in literature and scholarship, as in other matters, in the same admiration with which Swinburne held the judgement of Watts-Dunton himself.

Thus far it is only of Watts-Dunton's friends that I have written, reserving the last place in my list, which in this case is the first in precedence, for the one and only name with which it is fitting that in my final word his name should be coupled. I have said that the pathetic side of his later years was that he had outlived so many of the men and women he loved. To outlive one's nearest and dearest friends must always be poignant and pathetic, but in other

respects Watts-Dunton's life was a full and a happy one, and never more so than in these later years, for it was then that the one who was more than friend, the woman he so truly loved, who as truly loved him, became his wife. In his marriage, as in his friendships, Watts-Dunton was singularly fortunate. Husband and wife entertained each for the other and to the last, love, reverence, and devotion. If to this Mrs. Watts-Dunton added exultant even jealous pride in her husband's intellect, his great reputation and attainments, he was even more proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and his one anxiety was that she should never know a care. When last I saw them together—married as they had then been for many years—it was evident that Watts-Dunton had lost nothing of the wonder, the awe, perhaps even the perplexity with which from his boyhood and youth he had regarded that mystery of mysteries—womanhood. His love for her was deep, tender, worshipping, and abiding, albeit it had something of the fear with which one might regard some exquisite wild bird which, of its own choice, comes to the cage, and for love's sake is content to forgo its native woodland, content even to rest with closed wings within the cage while without comes continually the call to the green field, the great hills, and the glad spaces between sea and sky. Be that as it may, this marriage between a young and beautiful woman—young enough and beautiful enough to have stood for a picture of his adored Sinfi Lovell of 'Aylwin'—whom in her own rich gipsy type of beauty Mrs. Watts-Dunton strangely resembled—and a poet, novelist, critic, and scholar who was no longer young, no longer even middle-aged, was from first to last a happy one. It is with no little hesitation that I touch even thus briefly and reverently upon a relationship too sacred and too beautiful for further words. Even this much I should not have said were it not that in marriages where some disparity of age exists the union is not always as fortunate, and were it not also that I know my friend

would wish that his love and gratitude to the devoted wife who made his married years so supremely glad and beautiful should not go unremembered.

The last time I saw Watts-Dunton alive was shortly before his death. I spent a long afternoon with Mrs. Watts-Dunton and himself, and at night he and I dined alone, as Mrs. Watts-Dunton had an engagement. In my honour he produced a bottle of his old 'Tennyson' port, lamenting that he could not join me, as the doctor had limited him to soda water or barley water. When I told him that I had recently been dining in the company of Sir Francis Gould, and that 'F. C. G.' had described soda water as a drink without a soul, Watts-Dunton was much amused. But his soul-less drink notwithstanding, I have never known him talk more brilliantly. He rambled from one subject to another, not from any lack of power to concentrate or lack of memory, but because his memory was so retentive and so co-ordinating that the mention of a name touched as it were an electric button in his memory which called up other associations.

And by rambling, I do not mean that he was discursive or vague. No matter how wide his choice of subject, one was conscious of a sense of unity in all that Watts-Dunton said. Religion might by others, and for convenience, be divided into creeds, philosophy into schools of thought, science into separate headings under the names of astronomy, geology, zoology, botany, physics, chemistry, and the like, but by him all these were considered as component parts—the one dovetailing into the other—of a perfect whole. One was conscious of no disconnexion when the conversation slid from this science, that philosophy, or religion to another, for as carried on by him, it was merely as if he was presenting to the observer's eye different facets of the precious and single stone of truth. His was not the rambling talk of old age, for more or less rambling his talk had been ever since I had known him.

It was due partly also to his almost infinite knowledge of every subject under the sun. The mere mention of a science, of a language, of a system of philosophy, of a bird, a flower, a star, or a name was as it were a text on which he would base one of his wonderful and illuminating disquisitions. His grasp of first principles was so comprehensive that he was able in a few words to present them boldly and clearly for the hearer's apprehension, whence he would pass on to develop some new line of thought. His interests were to the last so eager and youthful, that even what had seemed comparatively unessential side issues—as he spoke of them, suddenly opened up into new and fascinating vistas down which the search-light of his imagination would flash and linger before passing on from point to point to the final goal of his thought.

Rossetti often said that no man that ever he met could talk with the brilliancy, the beauty, the knowledge, and the truth of Watts-Dunton, whose very 'improvisation' in conversation Rossetti described as 'perfect as a fitted jewel.' Rossetti deplored too on many occasions his 'lost' conversations with the author of *Aylwin*—lost because only by taking them down as spoken in shorthand could one remember the half of what was said, its incisive phrasing, its flashing metaphors and similes, and the 'fundamental brain work' which lay at the back of all.

I am always glad to remember that on this, my last meeting with Watts-Dunton, he was intellectually at his best. He revived old memories of Tennyson, Rossetti, Browning, Lowell, William Morris, and Matthew Arnold, and many another. He dwelt lovingly once again, but with new insight, upon the first awakening of the wonder sense in man, and how this wonder sense—the beginning whether in savage or in highly civilized races, of every form of religion—passed on into worship. Our intercourse that evening was in fact more of a monologue on his part than of the usual conversation between two old friends with interests and intimates in

common. I was indeed glad that it should be so, first because Watts-Dunton, like George Meredith (whose talk, though I only heard it once, struck me, if more scintillating also as more self-conscious), was a compelling and fascinating conversationalist, and secondly because his slight deafness made the usual give and take of conversation difficult.

Not a little of his talk that night was of his wife, his own devotion to her and the unselfishness of her devotion to him. He spoke of Louise Chandler Moulton, 'that adorable woman,' as he called her, whom Swinburne held to be the truest woman-poet that America has given us. He charged me to carry his affectionate greetings to Robertson Nicoll. 'I only wish I could see more of him,' he added. 'It's hard to see so seldom the faces one longs to see,' and then, more faithful in memory to the dead friends of long ago than any other man or woman I have known, he spoke movingly of 'Our Philip' his friend and mine, Philip Marston, the blind poet. Then he took down a book from a little bookshelf, and, turning the pages, asked me to read aloud Marston's Sonnet to his dead love :

It must have been for one of us, my own,
 To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread.
 Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
 Thy tears had dropped on mine ; if I alone
 Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
 My loneliness ; and did my feet not tread
 This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
 For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan.

And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain
 To think of thine eternity of sleep ;
 To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep ;
 And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
 One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep—
 Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying pain.

His only comment on the poem was that long and deeply-breathed 'Ah !' which meant that he had been profoundly interested, perhaps even profoundly stirred. Often it was his only comment when Swinburne, head erect, eyes ashine, and voice athrill, had in the past stolen into the same room—

noiseless in his movements, even when excited, to chaunt to us some new and noble poem, carried like an uncooled bar of glowing iron, direct from the smithy of his brain, and still intoning and vibrating with the deep bass of the hammer on the anvil, still singing the red fire-song of the furnace whence it came.

We sat in silence for a space, and then Watts-Dunton said, 'Our Philip was not a great, but at least he was a true poet, as well as a loyal friend and a right good fellow. He is almost forgotten now by the newer school and among the many new voices, but his friends—Louise Chandler Moulton and Will Sharp—and others of us, have done what we could to keep his memory green. We loved him as Gabriel and Algernon loved him, our beautiful blind poet-boy.'

When soon after I rose reluctantly to go, a change seemed to come over Watts-Dunton. The animation faded out of voice and face, and was replaced by something like anxiety, almost like pain. 'Must you go, dear fellow, must you go?' he asked sorrowfully. 'There is a bed all ready prepared, for we'd hoped you'd stay the night.'

I explained that I was compelled to return to Hastings that evening as I had to start on a journey early next morning. Perhaps I had let him over-exert himself too much in conversation. Perhaps he had more to say and was disappointed not to be able to say it, for he seemed suddenly tired and sad. The brilliant talker was gone. 'Come again soon, dear fellow. Come again soon,' he said as he held my hand in a long clasp. And when I had passed out of his sight and he out of mine, his voice followed me pathetically, almost brokenly, into the night, 'Come again soon, dear boy. Don't let it be long before we meet again.'

It was not long before we met again, but it was, alas! when I followed to his long home one who, great as was his fame in the eyes of the world as poet, critic, novelist, and thinker, is, in the hearts of some of us, who grow old, more dearly remembered as the most unselfish, most steadfast, and most loving of friends.

Coulson Kernahan.

Notes and Discussions

SAND-BURIED CITIES IN CENTRAL ASIA

AN extraordinary fascination has always surrounded Central Asia. It is the land of romance, and its mysteries are still far from being unravelled. Unknown regions of vast extent still lie open to the explorer, and archaeologists and ethnologists find in its vast deserts, towering snow-clad mountains, and verdant oases a never-failing field for study. But it is principally the history of its human inhabitants which is so entrancing. From Central Asia issued hordes of invaders who precipitated themselves on the neighbouring countries, and these invasions only ceased with the desolating movements of the Turks and Mongol Tartars. Ruins of an extraordinary character are being constantly found in the sands of the deserts, and these remains of ancient cities bear witness to the passing away of a bygone civilization, and to the steady drying up of the climate.

The desiccation of Central Asia is a most interesting problem for students of geology and physical geography. At the time of the Glacial Period most of Central Asia north of Tibet was under water. A vast inland sea united the Black Sea with the Caspian and the Ural, and stretched eastwards through Lake Balkash to the frontiers of Mongolia. Another great Asiatic Mediterranean covered all Chinese Tartary and the desert of Gobi, and extended eastwards as far as the Kinghan mountains on the Manchurian frontier. The northern coast of Asia was then far to the south of its present line, and a mild climate prevailed in Siberia. The existence of this inland sea is proved by the Chinese traditions, by the old shore-lines in Central Asia, and by the marks of vast ancient glaciers in the snowy mountains. These two inland seas were united by an extraordinary depression in long. 83° E., lat. 45° N., which has been called the Dzungarian Strait. Elevations of land and the excavation of the Bosphorus cut off these inland seas from the ocean, and the diminished rainfall caused the steady drying up of the Asiatic Mediterraneans, until at last only shallow lakes and sandy deserts were left. The existence of the wonderful ruins in the midst of the sandy deserts of Central Asia which have lately been brought to light, not only by the researches of Sir M. Aurel Stein, but also by the travels of Sven Hedin, Huntingdon, and other explorers, is another striking proof of the former fertility and liberal water supply in regions which are now nothing but arid and sandy wildernesses. The great basin of Central Asia, which contains the districts of Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan, is a deep depression bounded on the north by the Thian Shan moun-

tains, and on the south by the chain of the Kuen-lun, which forms the northern buttress of the great Tibetan plateau. Through the centre of this great basin runs the Tarim River, which loses itself in shallow lakes which are fast drying up. The streams which run into the Tarim from the south generally lose themselves in the sandy deserts, but in their earlier course near the mountains they are bordered by pasture lands, agricultural districts, and verdant oases. To the north of the Tarim there is more fertile land, as long as the great range of the Thian Shan mountains keeps near the river. In this sandy basin of Chinese Tartary, which in its lowest part is only 2,000 feet above the sea, there are three principal oases—Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan; and it is in the last of these three oases, that of Khotan, that the cities are situated which were first visited by Sir M. Aurel Stein.

The earliest journey of Sir M. Aurel Stein is recorded in *Sand-buried Ruins in Khotan*. He left Kashmir on May 29, 1900, and travelled due north over the mountains of Western Tibet by the Gilgit road. This leads the traveller by the Tragbal and Burzil passes to Astor, and passing close to Nanga Parbat (26,600 feet high), crosses the Indus at Boonj. From this point the valley of the Indus is left behind, and Gilgit is reached, which stands in a barren valley, surrounded by vast desolate mountains. From this point Sir Aurel crossed the mountains, and entered the Kanjut valley, which is divided into the districts of Hunza and Nagar, and is a part of the territory of the Maharajah of Kashmir. It is a wonderful district, being a deep valley of great length, but in places little more than a mountain chasm. It is full of villages, castles, and fortified towns, and is most carefully cultivated. Vast snowy mountains, rising 25,000 feet, overhang it, and from these descend great glaciers, one of which—the Hispar glacier—is forty miles in length. The inhabitants were formerly notorious robbers, and plundered all the caravans coming from Chinese Tartary to India. Secure in their mountain fastness and in their well-fortified villages, they defied punishment, but in 1891 they were conquered by the British, and have since been most loyal and peaceable. Sir Aurel Stein ascended the Kanjut valley, and, crossing the watershed between India and Chinese Tartary by the Kilik pass (15,800 feet), descended on the tableland of Pamir. This is a vast upland of broad open valleys divided by mountain ranges. There are great expanses of grass by the side of the rivers, but there is no town in the whole region, which is peopled by wandering tribes of Tartars with large flocks and herds, and who dwell in tents. The average elevation of the Pamirs is from 12,000 to 15,000 feet, but the mountains rise much higher. This elevated tableland is divided between Russia, China, and Afghanistan. Russia has the largest share. Towards the eastern edge of Pamir rises the snowy peak of Mustagh-Ata (24,400 feet high). Sir Aurel Stein, descending from the mountains, reached Kashgar, the seat of the Chinese government in eastern Turkestan. He did not, however, stay long here, but started for Yarkand. This is the most populous

town in Chinese Tartary, containing with its suburbs 150,000 people. As it commands the main route to India by the Karakorum pass (18,600 feet), and Ladakh, it is a noted commercial centre. Sir Aurel reached Khotan on October 18. Both these towns stand in oases, with the sandy deserts to the north, west, and east. Khotan stands near the northern foot of the lowest range of the Kuen-lun mountains, which, rising in higher and higher ranges towards the south, form the northern boundary of the great tableland of Tibet. From these ranges small rivers run northwards, which, when they are fed by the melting of the snows, fertilize the land for a considerable distance, but most of them lose themselves in the sands before they can reach the Tarim. Khotan is a great centre for jade manufacture, and from it jade has been exported for a vastly long period. It is in the sandy desert near Khotan that the chief of the buried cities are found. They are of Buddhist origin and character, but the art is also of an Indian character, and Greek (or Bactrian) remains are very common. They seem to date from 300 B.C. to A.D. 800. Sir Aurel sent large quantities of relics to India, and returned to England in the summer of 1901 by the Trans-Caspian railway, and through Russia. He undertook his second journey to the deserts of Khotan and Gobi. This expedition is described in his splendid work, *Ruins of Desert Cathay*. The panoramic pictures of the snowy mountains of the Kuen-lun range, and of the sand-buried cities in the desert, are delightful. He left Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, on April 2, 1906, and passed by Swat and Dir into the Chitral valley, which he left by crossing the eastern end of the Hindu Kush range at the Baroghil pass, 12,400 feet. This is a low saddle which forms the watershed between the basins of the Indus and the Oxus. Thence the route led into the Afghan portion of the Pamirs, and on to Khotan. Thence series of journeys were taken into the snowy ranges of the Kuen-lun mountains. These rise in a series of ranges like steps one behind the other, increasing in elevation to the south until the table land of Tibet is reached. After exploring more cities buried in the sands of the desert he undertook a new journey far to the eastward. The Tarim comes to an end in the reedy morass of Lake Lop, which is fast drying up. All through this desert region the wandering shepherds tell stories of cities containing vast treasures lying buried beneath the sands. Further eastwards than Lake Lop the desert opens out, and contains no permanent water. In the southern part of this region Sir Aurel Stein found the ruins of the western part of the Great Wall of China, with its ruined watch-towers and stations, and traced it through the desert for more than two hundred miles. Then he explored the famous cave-temples called 'The Thousand Buddhas.' From these rock shrines were extracted numerous manuscripts, frescoes, and sculptures. He now turned southwards and explored and mapped 20,000 miles of the great snowy range of the Nanshan mountains, which rise between the head waters of the Hohang-ho and the Yang-tse-Kiang, and form the northern ranges of the tableland of Tibet. Here lies the great swamp of Tsaidam, which

marks the site of an ancient lake, and which was formerly connected with Lake Lop, which receives the Tarim, and which is also drying up, being cut off from the Tsaidam by sandy deserts. Sir Aurel Stein returned to India in October, 1908, being almost invalided by frost-bite in returning over the Karakorum pass to Leh. But his collection of nearly one hundred cases of antiquities reached the British Museum uninjured.

The discovery of so many ruined cities in the sandy deserts of Central Asia shows how rapidly climates may change, for in a thousand years the climate of Central Asia had so dried up that the water supply failed, and the drifting sand caused the cities to be abandoned. Advocates of the extreme antiquity of Man maintain that climates always change *very slowly*, and as they have changed since Man appeared on the earth (as it is *assumed*) therefore man's antiquity must be very great. Central Asia gives a complete contradiction to this idea. Also, the ruins of these splendid Buddhist cities full of Graeco-Bactrian remains show what a withering blight Mohammedanism brings on countries, for the present inhabitants of Central Asia, who profess the faith of Islam, live in mean and decayed towns.

After the publication of his last work, *Ruins of Desert Cathay*, Sir M. Aurel Stein returned to Chinese Turkestan for the third time. He left India in August, 1913, and made extensive discoveries of more buried cities in the sandy deserts on the borders of the great basins of the Tarim and Lake Lop. He is now on his homeward journey, and the full account of his latest discoveries will be anxiously awaited.

D. GATH WHITLEY.

NEW LIGHT ON THE EXODUS

I DO not know that that *vade mecum* of every minister's study, the *Hastings Dictionary*, has anywhere, in the amplitude of its five mighty volumes, given a single paragraph to the consideration of how many they were of the stock of Abraham who first occupied the soil of Palestine in the twelfth century B.C.

But what its editors have perhaps wisely omitted, as being to them an insoluble puzzle, has been bravely attempted by Prof. Flinders Petrie, in his little book on *Egypt and Israel*.¹ In this he tells us that the two lists of the Hebrew census, given in the first and twenty-sixth chapters of the Book of Numbers, 'are the material which needs to be understood.' Just so!

He then proceeds to elaborate a plan, at once scholarly and ingenious, by which he reduces the gross total of 608,550, as the sum of all the tribes (Levi omitted), to 5,550 at Sinai, increased to 5,750 at Shittim.

¹ *Egypt and Israel*, by W. M. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., F.B.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1912.) Compare *Researches in Sinai*, Chapter xiv, by the same Author. (John Murray. 1906.)

And this is how he does it. Knowing that the Hebrew word *Alāf* has two meanings—'a thousand' and 'a group or family,'—he applies the word in its latter sense to the numerical records before him. What were before so many 'thousands' become now so many 'tents.' Thus all the high figures are struck out of the narrative, without any violence being done to the text. By this method it results that there were at Sinai 598 tents and 5,550 persons. The Shittim census, taken forty years later, gives but slightly different total figures when subjected to the same diminishing process.

Let it be noted that the Professor interprets the command to number the 'Congregation of Israel,' recorded in the two opening verses of the Book of Numbers, as a registration of every man, woman and child, in the assembly. Not even the foreign herdmen were omitted, if such there were.

The third verse of the same chapter has an injunction to 'muster' for war all those above twenty years of age. The process is one with which we have lately become familiar—registration preceding the call to service. To this interpretation of the text no valid objection can be taken, and it disposes at once of the old cavil that Moses led two and a half millions of souls through the desert. At the outside they were the six hundred thousand with which we are familiar, and which we now discuss.

In his Gallic Wars, Julius Caesar, who was familiar with migrating nomad tribes, reckons that one-fourth of any such community was capable of bearing arms. If so, the number of the Hebrew militia under Moses could not have been, under the most liberal interpretation, more than 150,000. But even this is a staggering number, and it is that to which objection is being taken.

Let us now return to Petrie's book, and his theory of so minifying the figures as to bring them within the limits of credibility. There is much that is seductive in his speculation. Let us see if it is a good working hypothesis. If it be, it will meet all the claims made upon it. This, however, Petrie does not claim for it. Nay, he abandons it, in the case of the thirteenth tribe, that of Levi, in the concession, 'Here the *Alāf* cannot be tent groups'; adding that the whole subject of a Levitical priesthood and tribal first-borns cannot fit anything in the Exodus period, and that the whole subject of a separate priestly caste among the Hebrews must be relegated to the time of the Judges.

What has driven him to this grave position and partial abandonment of his method is the fact of there being in this sea of uncertainty, one numerical islet of stern and unalterable fact. It is the figure of 273, which does not require or admit of compromise or alteration. For this was the difference in the number of first-born sons in the twelve tribes and the number of males in the tribe of Levi above the age of one month. The former were in excess to the number of 273, and for each of them a redemption price of five shekels was paid to the Tabernacle funds. There could, therefore, be no doubt as to its amount, or the number of persons on whose account it was levied.

We will presently see what decisive value is to be given to this figure of 273, which not even the astute and ambitious Scribes of the Babylonian captivity period were able to alter.¹ At present we note only that it has accomplished the disarrangement of the Professor's scheme of *Alâf* interpretation as a solvent of the whole difficulty.

Are we then to go back to the inconceivable numbers of the Hebrew text because of the failure of Petrie to meet all the claims of the case? Nay, verily.

Before entering further into the mysteries of this capital case of Biblical mathematics, let us have the figures as they appear in the Massoretic text of the Old Testament Scriptures.

The tables of the two censuses, as they have come down to us, are these: -

			At Sinai.			At Shittim.	Difference.
1.	Reuben	..	46,500	43,730	- 2,770
2.	Simeon	..	59,800	22,200	-37,100
3.	Gad	..	45,650	40,500	- 5,150
4.	Judah	..	74,600	76,500	+ 1,900
5.	Issachar	..	54,400	64,300	+ 9,900
6.	Zebulon	..	57,400	60,500	+ 3,100
7.	Ephraim	..	40,500	52,700	+12,200
8.	Manasseh	..	32,200	32,500	+ 300
9.	Benjamin	..	35,400	45,600	+10,200
10.	Dan..	..	62,700	64,400	+ 1,700
11.	Asher	..	41,500	53,400	+11,900
12.	Naphtali	..	53,400	45,400	- 8,000
	Totals	..	608,550	601,730	- 1,820

An even casual glance over these columns will raise the question, Why are all the tribal totals given in hundreds? There is but one exception in each column to this rule, and this may be accounted for as concealing the otherwise transparent fact that all the numbers were multiplied by a hundred. Here are twenty-four tribal totals, and twenty-two of them have no decades, and all of them are without units. The variations, too, are inconsistent and unaccountable.

From the opening verses of the Book of Numbers we know that the numbering of the congregation of God's people was a peculiarly solemn duty, all the men being recorded by name. In view of the past and future histories of the nation, the registration was bound to be a most exact and careful one. Doubtless it was so, for no people were ever so proud of their descent as were the children of Abraham—heirs of all the promises.

Shortly after the second registration, the whole congregation of Israel stood before Moses to receive his parting admonitions and

¹ The 23,000 of 1 Cor. x. 8, is taken from the Septuagint version of the Book of Numbers. This was made in the third century B.C. and carries the enlargement of figures to a still earlier time.

farewell. He addressed them as consisting, besides male adults, of their little ones, their wives and their servants. These latter classes always formed constituents of the 'Congregation.' They were therefore included in each of the census lists taken in the Wilderness.

In place of the exact and varied numbers, such as must have resulted in any correct count, we have a series of round numbers, consisting almost wholly of hundreds. May it not be that the original totals are imbedded in the exoteric figures and are still discoverable? If this be so, it will somewhat mitigate the offence of the corruptors, great as that will still remain.

The eminent Egyptologist has brought his shears to bear upon the monstrosities and lopped off their heads. May another student of the desert life follow his example by suggesting, instead, the lopping off of the ciphers at the ends of the figures? The result—not differing greatly from Petrie's—is that we have a manageable table of numbers before us, and that this table gives us the eminently satisfactory sight of individual digits attached to each total. This should appeal to every one's sense of probability, as being the way in which such things usually turn out.

Here is the reduced table, recommended to us by the fact of its variations in number between the two counts being possible and not impossible, as they are in the other case:—

			At Sinai.	At Shittim.	Difference.	
1.	Reuben	465	487	— 28	
2.	Simeon ¹	598	222	—371	
3.	Gad	456	405	— 51	
4.	Judah	746	765		+ 19
5.	Issachar	544	648		+ 99
6.	Zebulon	574	605		+ 31
7.	Ephraim	405	527		+122
8.	Manasseh	322	325		+ 3
9.	Benjamin	354	456		+102
10.	Dan..	627	644		+ 17
11.	Asher	415	534		+119
12.	Naphtali	584	454	— 80	
	Totals	6,085	6,017	580	512
	Net decrease				18

Leaving, for the moment, these reduced quantities to make their own impression upon the reader's mind, we turn to that stumbling-block—the additional tribe of Levi—over which Petrie may be thought to have fallen.

What do we find? This: that the enumeration of the Levitical

¹ The large reduction in Simeon is partly accounted for by the plague that followed association with the Midianites; this tribe being specially concerned in this act of immoral idolatry (*Numb.* xiv. 1, 9, 14).

clans has been subjected to the same aggrandizing treatment as the other clans, and their totals are also given in unbroken hundreds. It will be remembered that the tribes of Levi, Reuben, Simeon, and Gad (all sons of Leah), suffered serious decreases in the rebellion of Korah—a punishment the severity of which we have no idea till we come to these totals, with their minus quantities. The amended figures for Levi, as given in whole numbers, are:—

The clan of Gershonites	75 persons, instead of 7,500
„ „ Kohathites	86 „ „ „ 8,600
„ „ Merarites	62 „ „ „ 6,200

Total number of males in Levi .. 228¹

Given in the round number of 22,000 in Numbers iii. 39.

If to this 228 we add the 278 already referred to, as the test of the narrative, we have a complement of 496, which is here adduced as being the original sum of first-born sons in the other tribes.

If we double this figure for the families in which daughters were the firstborn, we have a total of a thousand families in the whole camp, with an average of six souls in each. Surely an eminently human and satisfactory verdict!

We are thus brought, by a circuitous route, to the harmonious aggregate of six thousand souls, one-fourth of whom would be capable of bearing arms, as those who marched with Moses to Sinai, Kadesh-Barnea, and the plains of Moab.

Shortly after leaving Mount Horeb, the now covenanted band of pilgrims entered the *Wady Feiran*, where their passage to the water was barred by a Bedouin tribe of nomads called Amalekites. Petrie thinks the battle was almost a drawn one, decided only by the intercession of Moses, in which opinion many readers of Exodus xvii. will agree with him.—Their generally unwarlike character is shown in their subsequent flight from Ai, after losing thirty-six men only. (Josh. vii. 5.)

Later, the war, in which Balaam figures, against the Moabites and Midianites, was ended by the sending of as strongly organized a force as possible against them. This force was based upon the principle of taking a contingent of men from every tribe. Balaam was slain and the enemy overcome. But nearly every man was employed to do this, as the situation was a most critical one, and no preventable chances could be taken (Numbers xxxi.).

If for 'thousands' we read 'hundreds,' omitting the last cipher, this little army of twelve hundred under Joshua and the High Priest Phinehas (in charge of the vessels of the Sanctuary), is the last view we get of the true situation of the migrants east of the Jordan.

A final glimpse of the military forces at the disposal of Joshua is caught at the passage of the Jordan. Here the men of the two and a

¹ The members of the other sex not being in the count for Levi, we have to add an equal number for them, giving a total of about 450. The average of both sexes in the other tribes is just over five hundred—four being fewer than 450.

half tribes settling beyond the river were reviewed by him. Their number is given as 'about forty thousand.' If this be taken as a gloss for 'about four hundred' it may be accepted, as being in harmony with other statements, and the whole tenor of the history.

Later numbers of armed men in the histories have all been manipulated so as to make them of impossible or uncertain dimensions. But this is another story, and one to which the present method cannot be made to apply.

W. SHAW CALDECOTT.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE AND HIS WORK

MR. ERNEST RHYS's book on Tagore is disappointing. He has enthusiasm, but it is uncritical, and necessarily imperfectly informed. An Englishman, however industrious, is bound to be at a disadvantage from ignorance of Bengali. The book is premature; the materials to write fully of Tagore's work do not yet exist in English. There is abundant evidence that Mr. Rhys has worked to attain completeness of knowledge and accuracy. But his book leaves an impression of thinness.

Rabindranath Tagore's fame has suffered wrong in England, partly from the bad tactics of his friends. His publications came too fast on one another's heels, and the great initial success of *Gitanjali* was not wisely followed up. The vogue of that first book has been a puzzle to his countrymen. One of the greatest of them, a man frequently quoted in Mr. Rhys's book, asked me recently if I could explain it; 'for we do not consider it by any means his best work.' This made me think; and the explanation seems to me to lie partly in the great trouble that the author took with the translation. It was his first effort to win recognition in an alien tongue; and he kept the pieces before him, brooding over their sentences, arranging and rearranging. They thus absorbed a great deal of his own personality and its grave, singular charm; there is blood under their beauty. But this book was followed by careless or inadequate work. *The Gardener* was up to standard; it might have been better with a little, a very little, sifting, but it was in some ways new and it was good. If it failed to make quite the hit that *Gitanjali* did, that might be put down to our difficulty in finding a man's second book as striking as his first. *The Crescent Moon*, I think, was the first mistake. Some of its best poems had already appeared in *Gitanjali*. Also, a great English poet wearied us with ecstatic poems on the pink toes and fingers of babies; in his lifetime people were afraid to say so, because he had a great gift of anger, and adequate invective thereto. Now, the 'Crescent Moon' poems were not this kind of thing. Still, Swinburne has more or less 'queered the pitch' for those who would write about babies; and poems about children are almost bound to seem trivial, apart from grace of style and dainty metre. Rabi Babu's appeared in prose; and their redeeming conception of the child as coming from the deep and destined to return thither

was lost. This was hard on the poet, perhaps; still, it would have been well if the book had come when his position was more strongly established. The book sold well, as anything that is or seems sentimental will; but was bought, I fancy, by a different class from those whose eyes were opened by *Gitanjali*. *Sadhana* followed, a book of philosophy. The poet is far from deficient in power of thought. Still his own countrymen, those whose opinion is worth hearing, do not rank him highest as a thinker. Many Englishmen, many of the best, frankly gave *Sadhana* up; they did not follow it, or suspected that its beautiful imagery and diction covered very little strong thought. Nor, indeed, do I think the poet made in it any serious attempt to put forth a connected system of thought. *Chitra*, a charming little drama, was above cavil; but the same cannot be said of its two companions, *The Post Office* and *The King of the Dark Chamber*. Both were translated by others than the author; the latter, published in a form which the author would not have sanctioned, suffered badly. Its translation was diffuse, as well as poor. The play is built up on a rather thin central conception, and is hardly a good example of Rabi Babu's work; to give it even such a chance as it deserved, it needed economy and conciseness in translation. *Kabir* and *The Autobiography of the Maharshi* were neither the poet's own work, in any real sense; still, they helped to increase the impression that he was publishing a great deal. The unhappy result of all this was that his name and work became the possession of cliques; *Punch* found his style easy to parody, and the great army of those who 'simply adore anything Eastern' and make mouths at what is familiar did their worst to put the mark of their own provincialism and emptiness upon him. They managed to do his reputation great harm; which they could never have done if *Gitanjali* had been followed by *The Gardener*, *Chitra*, and his noble short stories.

Mr. Rhys's book gives me the chance of saying three things, to supplement my former note in this Review for October, 1914. The first is a correction of that note. Reading it over I saw I gave the impression that the influence of Christianity on Rabi Babu had been greater than it had. Rabi Babu's father was the least Christian of the four great Brahmo leaders. In the case of all the other three, we may say that Christ, His teaching, and His life, were influences as deep as or deeper than any. But the *Maharshi*, though an austere theist and hater of idolatry, was Hindu at heart, and increasingly so as he grew older. Of course Rabi Babu knows a great deal about Christian thought and Christ, and he has spoken to me of the joy with which he read part of St. John's Gospel, having obtained a copy with the Greek and English in parallel columns. But I do not think Christianity has been more than a quite secondary influence in his life. It has probably touched him more of recent years.

Secondly, I should like to indicate what seem to me his real claims to greatness. Two things stand out. He has a most singular knowledge of women, and power of tracing their feelings and motives.

If all poets had had one-tenth of this intuition, the records of 'Par-nassus' would be happier reading. Nay, most men, possessing it, would escape a deal of mental torture in their lives. His work here is as subtle as may be found anywhere in any language. Perhaps because of this, he has the deepest sympathy with Indian womanhood. Very many of his short stories are 'tracts for the times,' showing the suffering that polygamy, enforced seclusion for widowhood, the narrowness of their lives generally, bring upon his countrywomen. Many of his stories are not so much stories as psychological studies; the writing ends with some heart-breaking situation, out of which a whole world of unimaginable sorrow is to spring. As his stories have not yet appeared in any adequate translation, his power remains to be realized by English readers. The other feature to which I would call attention can be seen in his accessible works. It is his extraordinary wealth of natural allusion, much of it as old as dawn or sunset, but always fresh, no matter how often he uses it, even in the same poem. Rabi Babu is never at a loss for a natural simile, as appropriate as it is lovely. It is this that redeems *Sadhana*, and leaves us with a sense of pleasure, whatever our opinion of its philosophy; here, at any rate, are garlands. He has the most unfailing power of connecting man with nature, and making his figures merge into their landscape. This is done in the subtlest fashion, times beyond number, in his stories. In one, a dumb girl perforce seeks friends in the dumb fields and cattle; and the poet awes us as he makes us feel how noon and solemn night, with their grave noises that are without all noise, are a sea in which the girl's silent consciousness merges. Many writers, in many languages, have occasionally done this kind of thing; but I never came across any writer, in any language, who did it better or oftener. Nor have I ever come across any poet whose hands filled so instinctively with lovely flowers of natural simile and metaphor. This is instinct with him, and it slips even into his brief notes and letters in English. Here he is absolutely great, and absolutely original, owing nothing to any man. This power is fullest and most abundant in his stories. A great deal has been said about these stories, and it is good to know that a satisfactory translation of some of them is being prepared. I believe there is no collection of short stories anywhere to equal these; their variety, ranging from farce to the deepest pathos, from ordinary home life to a supernatural world of the wildest glamour, is as astonishing as their excellence. They cannot fail to bring back many who have been temporarily estranged by work that they felt was beneath the level of *Gitanjali*, and to capture a large new public. In an untranslated patriotic poem, Rabi has drawn a beautiful picture of Bengal as the Goddess Lakshmi moving about her household tasks. Even so in his stories his genius moves through the unexciting, sometimes sordid, lives of Bengal, scattering flowers, and wakening tears or laughter.

There are one or two slips in Mr. Rhys's book. On p. 11, *Givansmriti* should be *Jivansmriti*; on p. 18, *Vidyapati* should be *Vidyapati*.

The old legend of Rabi Babu's songs being sung 'through the length and breadth of India' is repeated. Some are sung all over Bengal by very many who never heard the author's name; these are mostly love-songs. His other songs, no doubt, are sung wherever in India—and this is everywhere—there are Bengalis, if these Bengalis are lovers of his work; in the same way, Shakespeare's songs may be said to be sung all over Europe—a continent with hardly as many different languages and peoples as 'India'—wherever there are English folk who care for them. On p. 22, Mr. Rhys, with his uncritical admiration of everything new to him, speaks of Dinesh Chandra Sen's history of Bengali literature as a 'remarkable great book.' Dinesh Babu is an honest and much-toiling literary artisan. Hereafter, a Bengali *who can write* will find his book useful; it is one of immense labour, but entirely without discrimination or insight. In Dr. Brajendranath Seal, Mr. Rhys has certainly got hold of one Bengali of the highest ability and authority; he has quoted extensively though not over-relevantly, from Dr. Seal's *New Essays in Criticism*, long out of print. These were the work of one almost still a boy, exploring a field where no man had set foot before him; Dr. Seal has turned aside to philosophy, to the great gain of that hard-featured Muse though to Poetry's loss, and maintains that his early book was written for a philosophical end. That may be so; however, the chapters dealing with Bengali Literature are as superior to any other man's work in that line as can be, and it would be an imperial service to reprint them, even as they stand, though their author maintains they should be rewritten. Two other words. Mr. Rhys, on p. xi, drags in 'the wife of the murdered Burgomaster,' to illustrate a situation exactly the opposite of her own; and the same slipshodness is responsible for a very annoying feature of his style, a constant undertone of querulousness with his own country and her ways, a determination to find her wrong everywhere and the East—an imaginary East, which Mr. Rhys does not know—at every point superior to her. Thus after quoting Chandra Sen, 'we must have at least a drop of Ganges water, or we feel disconsolate at the hour of death,' he must add 'Fancy an Englishman languishing for a drop of Thames water on his death-bed!' Many stranger things have happened than this, even in our dull, material West. Has Mr. Rhys lived in London without discovering the deep passion with which that magnificent Queen of towns and her glorious river fill men who know her? This book was written, at any rate published, after war broke out. To imply constantly that Englishmen cared about nothing but money and comfort was silly even two years ago; in the light of to-day it is childish. East is East and West is West, and human nature is uncommonly like human nature in both. There are materialistic Englishmen, and there are others, at present a number infinitely beyond our wildest imaginings once; there are Indians as grossly and disgustingly materialistic as any 'Westerner' that ever breathed, and there are Rabi Babu and Brajendranath Seal and Dinesh Babu as well.

E. J. THOMPSON.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Faith and the War : a series of Essays, edited by F. J. Foakes-Jackson, D.D. (Macmillans. 5s. net.)

AMIDST the copious output of war literature few better volumes of its kind have been issued than this. It is written by members of the Churchmen's Union and others, with the express object of meeting the religious difficulties aroused by the present condition of the world. Liberal clergy predominate among the contributors, who include, besides the Editor, Canon Foakes-Jackson, Prof. Gardner, Miss Alice Gardner, Dr. Rashdall, Dean Inge, Prof. A. E. Taylor, Revs. E. A. Burroughs and C. W. Emmett, Dr. W. M. Glazebrook, and Dean Henson. Not a name in the list but promises a thoughtful and discriminating discussion of serious difficulties, which are thickening, rather than diminishing, around us.

The essayists do not shrink from probing wounds to the quick. Providence in relation to individual life and national history and in its universal aspect ; the problems raised by the existence and prevalence of evil in God's world ; hopes of immortality and their bearing on a state of human existence which appears to others beside Hobbes to be ' nasty, brutish, and short ' ; the position of professedly Christian individuals and nations upholding and earnestly prosecuting one of the direst wars in history ; the future of the Church and Christianity when the war is over—here are topics that could hardly be adequately discussed in a dozen volumes. What the essayists attempt, and largely succeed in giving, is a number of *aperçus*, points of view, suggestions, which may enable those to whom the present state of Europe and the world seems mere chaos, to take another and saner view of things. In relation to some of the age-long problems now pressing more acutely and poignantly than ever upon religious minds, it may be enough to indicate the limits of possible knowledge and the lessons of unavoidable ignorance. This is the case with regard to the vindication of Divine Providence, particularly in relation to the prevalence of evil. Prof. Gardner shows that ignorance in relation to questions of Providence depends upon ' millions of petty adjustments, the reasons of which are infinitely too complicated for us to discover.' But at the same time he—as well as Dr. Foakes-Jackson and Miss Gardner—render good service in stripping away from a good, sound doctrine of Providence the excrescences of popular ideas concerning it, which have brought it into disrepute.

Dr. Hastings Rashdall is well qualified to deal with the problem of evil ; and as might be expected from his published works, he does so from the standpoint of one who believes not in Omnipotence, as popularly understood, but in a God self-limited by His own nature and the conditions of the problem of racial education and deliverance.

Prof. Taylor's essay on *The Belief in Immortality* is most interesting, quite apart from its bearing on war-problems, partly because of the distinction and mental detachment of the writer. He argues not from revelation or from a belief in the resurrection of Christ, but on the assumption that the universe is ' in the fullest sense reasonable, a realm truly adapted for the development of intelligent personal life.' For the modern mind, that line of argument is the most cogent, and Prof. Taylor is on unassailable ground when he contends that whatever hypothesis on the subject of the future life we accept, its adoption must be an act of practical faith, and ought to rest on a basis which science can neither prove nor refute. Another dictum of his is suggestive, and would well bear expansion—' The hypothesis of the Christian is the one of all others which gives the deepest significance to our conduct and makes life the most heroic spiritual adventure.'

Perhaps the most impressive essay in the whole book is that by the Rev. E. A. Burroughs, under a title which is least promising—' Faith and Reality.' Its bearing upon present religious difficulties is largely indirect, but its spiritual power is very great, and it leads to the very heart of things. He begins with the imperious necessity for hope ; to lose hope is to lose the present as well as the future. But hope cannot rest upon proofs of the Divine existence. A ' proved God ' would be a God measured and comprehended, not the God whom we now need, to ' release us from the tyranny of the present and the actual, and guarantee that it is not ultimately real.' How is faith in this Highest Reality to be gained and maintained, especially in view of events which stagger reason and faith alike ? Such is in brief Mr. Burroughs' theme, and he shows how the very shaking of foundations characteristic of our time is helping faith to grasp realities.

We have only adverted to a few salient features in a volume which well deserves careful study. One conspicuous deficiency is manifest in it—the light of the Cross of Christ is almost absent. Our Lord Himself appears rather as Teacher and Example than as Saviour. It may be that the eminent Liberal Churchmen who can unite on a basis of Christian Theism are not sufficiently agreed concerning the Person and saving work of Christ to lay stress on the Atonement and the teaching of the Cross. But of one thing we are sure. Until the deeper questions concerning sin, judgement, forgiveness, and salvation are fully faced, the abstract questions raised in philosophical theology cannot be fully answered. This notable omission does not interfere with our high appreciation of a most interesting volume, marked by great ability, candour, and moral and spiritual insight.

Dictionary of the Apostolic Church. Edited by James Hastings, D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, D.D., and John C. Lambert, D.D. Vol. I. Aaron-Lystra. (T. & T. Clark. 25s. net.)

This is likely to be one of the most useful and most popular of the great series of Dictionaries edited by Dr. Hastings. It takes up the history of the Church where the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels* leaves it, and carries it down to the end of the first century. Its thoroughness is seen in every article. All sources of knowledge have been used; the results are put compactly, and arranged in the most helpful way, and a list of authorities is given for those who wish to follow out any subject more exhaustively. The list of authors shows that Dr. Hastings has once more secured the service of the leading scholars of all Churches on both sides of the Atlantic, who recognize that they can thus render material assistance to busy men in their work. Dr. Moffatt's 'Uncanonical Gospels' gives a critical account of 'this rank undergrowth of popular literature in early Christianity.' W. C. Allen, in the article 'Gospels,' speaks of the objection that the fourth Gospel presents a different picture of Christ from that of the Synoptists. 'But is it not more likely to be the case that the Jesus of history was One too lofty in personality, too many-sided in character to be understood by His contemporaries?' If others had set themselves to describe the life we might have had quite a fresh conception of Him. Dr. Kirsopp Lake is responsible for 'Acts of the Apostles' and 'Apocryphal Acts,' save a small section on 'The Acts of Thomas' by Dr. de Zwaan. The traditional view that St. Luke was editor of the whole book of The Acts is examined in the light of criticism, and is pronounced to be the most reasonable one. There is a valuable article on Atonement by Prof. Platt, and Dr. Moss, Dr. Banks, Dr. Faulkner, Dr. Peake, R. M. Pope, A. W. Cooke, Sherwin Smith, Profs. Lightley, Lofthouse, and W. J. Moulton, worthily represent Methodist scholarship. The Dictionary will be of unspeakable service to all students of the first century. It is in every way equal to the other standard dictionaries for which we owe Dr. Hastings so large a debt.

The Vocabulary of the Greek Testament, illustrated from the Papyri and other non-literary sources. By James Hope Moulton, D.D., and George Milligan, D.D. Part II. βᾶλ to δωροφιλᾶ. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)

A prefatory note expresses deep regret that the valued counsel of Profs. Thumb and Deissmann has not been available for this part of the Vocabulary. Dr. Thumb died on August 14, having 'achieved in a relatively short career a marvellous output of work upon the Greek language in its whole history down to the present day, and leaves no one his peer in the philological delineation of Hellenistic and the modern vernacular.' A glance at the abbreviations in this section is enough to show the research that has gone to its prepara-

tion. The lists of learned works, papyri, inscriptions and ostraca is itself an introduction to the riches that follow. Gleams of fun relieve the learning, as when under βαδίζω, to go slowly, we read 'a donkey was apparently regarded as "what will go," which is not a unanimously accorded estimate: does βαδιστής as epithet of θύος suggest that the verb connoted a kind of gait seen typically in a donkey?' Barnabas is explained by certain inscriptions to mean 'Son of Nebo,' and Dalman accepts this derivation from the Semitic. St. Peter refers to milk (1 Eph. ii, 2) for new-born babes, and in the mystery cults it has a prominent part. In Sallust milk, the new birth, and crowns are all mentioned together. The words Sodoma, Gomorra, found scratched on the walls of a house in Pompeii 'can only be the work of a Jew or a Christian, and show how fully alive he was to the nature of his surroundings.' διχοτομέω is found in a touching sepulchral inscription where a father bewails his firstborn son, 'who cut me off from living through many years.' On δύναμις we find a note by Sir W. Ramsay. 'Power' was what the pagan devotees 'respected and worshipped; any exhibition of "power" must have its cause in something that was divine.' Every page of this valuable work throws welcome light on the vocabulary of the New Testament.

City Centres of Early Christianity. By R. A. Aytoun, M.A.
(Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)

Most students of early Church History will recognize the usefulness of a study which gathers together the leading facts of Christian progress in the chief cities of the Empire. Cities like Ephesus, Alexandria, Antioch, Edessa, Carthage and others treated in this volume had outstanding features and characteristics of their own, not merely as regards their geographical position and internal conditions, but in their individual contributions to Christian life and practice, and also to the development of Christian doctrine. Mr. Aytoun has described these in a clear and pleasing manner which enables the reader to carry away a lucid impression of the distinctive types of Christianity which they present. For example, under Carthage we have a sketch, not only of the history of that ill-fated city and its inhabitants, but also of its typical Christian theology and Church doctrine as represented by Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine. In the chapter on Rome, the author shows how the city, by virtue of her imperial status, originated no new theology, but was 'the great "clearing-house" for all the heresies and conflicting theories of the Church during the early centuries.' The book concludes with a chapter on 'Iona and Lindisfarne,' which in fullness is not the equal of its predecessors: e.g. there is absolutely no reference to the saint of Lindisfarne, Cuthbert, whose name is perpetuated in the monuments, topography, and legendary lore of the Border and the northern counties of England. But apparently Mr. Aytoun carries his sketch no further than the Synod of Whitby, which may explain the omission.

Comparative Religion: Its Adjuncts and Allies. By Louis H. Jordan, B.D. (Milford. 12s. net.)

Fifteen years ago Mr. Jordan, who had long studied the subject in all its bearings, set himself to provide a competent exposition of Comparative Religion. He has already published two important works on the subject, and in the present volume surveys the auxiliary studies of Anthropology, Ethnology, and kindred sciences which have contributed to give Comparative Religion the influential position which it holds to-day. He divides his work into three parts. First we have Eight Avenues of Approach, then The Transition in the Science, and in the third part, Its Restricted Area and its Legitimate Scope. After a few introductory pages the most important books dealing with each special branch are critically noticed. The first section deals with Anthropology. It is often well-nigh indispensable in the study of comparative religion, but its leaders 'are prone to treat with contempt the theory that religion, perhaps, after all, may owe something to an express divine revelation. Their actual contributions to Comparative Religion, impartially weighed, are considerably less than is generally imagined.' That is the style of the introductory pages. Among the books on the History of Religions we find Dr. Geden's *Studies in the Religions of the East*, which it heartily welcomes. It 'never loses its hold upon the reader.' Seven pages are given to *The Golden Bough*. Its most serious fault is 'its readiness to harbour and give currency to a multitude of mere conjectures.' The book is encyclopaedic in its range, and of great value.

The Ministry in the Church in relation to Prophecy and Spiritual Gifts (Charismata). By H. J. Wotherspoon, M.A., D.D. (Longmans, Green & Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

These lectures were delivered on the Alexander Robertson foundation in the University of Glasgow. Dr. Wotherspoon thinks that the *Didache* appeared at a moment when Lightfoot and Hatch had prepared the way for a new discussion of Christian origins, and gave grounds for a theory of Twofold Ministry—charismatic and institutional. Apostles and prophets appear as normally active in churches which had also bishops and deacons. He examines the credentials of the *Didache*, and thinks that on the most favourable estimate of its position it has been overworked. 'It has been read in the light of a theory, and has then been required to show proof of the theory.' We are on surer grounds for a study of the ministry when we keep to the New Testament and the Apostolic Fathers. He examines this evidence, and reaches the conclusion that we fail to find among the Christian origins (1) an order of ministry which acts in virtue of charisma, without mission institutionally mediated; or (2) any order of ministry which is independent of charisma, which is appointed without them, or limited to functions which do not demand charisma for their exercise. The discussion is lucid and scholarly.

Love-Feasts: A History of the Christian Agape. By R. Lee Cole, M.A., B.D. (Kelly. 5s. net.)

This is a careful piece of research into what Chrysostom called 'a custom most beautiful and most beneficial; for it was a supporter of love, a solace of poverty, and a discipline of humility.' Mr. Cole begins with 'Pagan Parallels of the Agape.' There was scarcely a part of the Mediterranean world where clubs, associations, guilds and brotherhoods did not flourish in ancient times. Clubs with a common meal were known as early as the days of Demosthenes. Socrates found the same abuses in the gatherings of his day as St. Paul sorrowed over at Corinth. The Apostolic usage as to the Agape is shown from various passages in the New Testament, and the history of the Agape in Asia and in Europe is carefully traced. An interesting chapter is given to the Agape in the Catacombs. The rites and usages of the Agape with its downfall and modern readoptions in the Moravian Church and in Methodism are all dealt with in a scholarly way. The literature of the subject is not extensive, but Mr. Cole has made excellent use of it and has produced a book of real value for students and for all who wish to understand the place which the Agape filled in early Christian life.

The Library of Theology (Kelly. 1s. net). This Library has been a notable success, and the new volumes now added to it are as various and as attractive as those already published. They include two volumes on *Palestine in Geography and History*, by A. W. Cooke; a compact survey of *The Old Testament*, by Dr. Beet; a gem-like exposition of *St. Paul's Hymn of Love*, by Percy C. Ainsworth; T. G. Selby's uplifting meditations on *The God-lit City*. There is a unique anthology on *The Universal Prayer*, by T. A. Seed; a breezy volume, *Christ's Cure for Care*, by Mark Guy Pearse, and other books of abiding value and interest not only for preachers, but for all thoughtful readers. Each volume makes its own appeal. The neat crown octavos fit easily into a pocket for a few minutes' reading on a journey.

The Expositor's Library (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net) has been a great boon for preachers and thinkers, and the ten volumes now added to it are of wide and deep interest. They include Dr. Davison's fine book on *The Indwelling Spirit*, which is a ripe exposition of the doctrine filled with deep feeling of the needs of modern religious life. Dr. Carnegie Simpson's *Facts of Life* is marked by his usual force and insight; Dr. Stalker's three-fold study of *The Atonement* is a welcome guide to a difficult subject; Dr. George Matheson's *Voices of the Spirit*, *Times of Retirement*, and *Searchings in the Silence*, intended for a devotional hour, are both suggestive and uplifting. Dr. David Smith's *Unwritten Sayings of our Lord* is a charming introduction to this pleasant field of study; Dr. Eleanor Rowland's *Right to Believe* is an acute philosophical discussion of some of the problems of apologetics; Dr. Clow's *Christ and the Social Order* sets the sources and issues of our social unrest in the light of

Christ's teaching; Prof. Laidlaw's *Studies in the Parables and other Sermons* is the work of a master, and the Introductory Memoir is of deep interest. Lovers of theology will draw rich spoil from this library.

Sub Corona. Edited by Henry Cowan, D.D., and James Hastings, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 4s. 6d. net.) Twenty sermons preached in University Chapel, King's College, Aberdeen, by Principals and Professors of Theological Faculties in Scotland, are gathered together in this volume. They cover a wide range, but all are practical and evangelical, simple in style, yet full of thought and ripe wisdom. Principal Sir George Adam Smith's impressive review 'After a Year of War' stands first; Prof. Mackintosh's subject is 'The Name of Jesus'; Prof. Selbie's, 'The Pre-Eminence of Jesus.' Prof. Nicol deals with 'Righteousness and its Reward' in a way that arrests attention. It is a book that preachers will be eager to study, and from which they will learn much.—*The Greater Men and Women of the Bible.* Edited by the Rev. James Hastings, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 6s. net.) Eighteen New Testament names are included in this volume. It is especially rich in its treatment of the mother of Jesus, the sisters at Bethany, John the Baptist, and Thomas. It is no small advantage to a preacher or teacher to get such a wealth of choice material which can be woven into sermons or lessons. It is a very full and suggestive volume.—*The Book of Revelation.* By Rev. J. T. Deane, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 2s. net.) This handbook is a first-rate piece of work. It is based on the studies of Prof. Charles and Sir W. Ramsay, and is marked by strong sense as well as careful scholarship. Mr. Deane points out that few ages have had such an opportunity as ours of entering into the mind of the Seer of Patmos, and of experiencing the spiritual uplift of his vision as the present. We hope the book will be very widely read.—*A Syrian Love-Story and other Sermons.* By J. Patterson-Smyth, Litt.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d. net.) These Sermons are very fresh and very human. Bible lives are made to throw light on our own loves and friendships, and such subjects as 'Novel Reading' and 'Worry' are wisely handled.—*From Doubt to Faith.* By Horace G. Hutchinson. (Longmans & Co. 1s. 6d. net.) Mr. Hutchinson passed from Agnosticism to Christianity when he realized that the Creator who set the whole world-process of evolution going, was most likely to intervene when He saw man misusing His gifts. For such intervention it was necessary that He should speak in man's language. That line of thought threw light on the Incarnation and Divinity of Christ. The chapters on the credibility of miracles and the cloud of witnesses are distinctly helpful, and many will find the book a real help to faith.—*The History of the Ten 'Lost' Tribes: Anglo-Israelism Examined.* By David Baron. (Morgan & Scott. 1s. net.) A trenchant discussion of what the writer regards as a fearful perversion of Scripture and history.—*Lyra Christi: Being Metrical Musings on the Life of our Lord.* By A. E. Knight. (Morgan & Scott. 8s. 6d. net.) Mr. Knight feels that in these troubled times

the Christian needs to be kept in living touch with his Lord. His musings are full of thought and devotion, and are often happily phrased.—*The Voyage of Life*. By C. R. Ball, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.) Canon Ball finds in St. Paul's voyage to Rome some suggestions as to the Christian's life-voyage, and the principles which tend to rule or modify its course and issue. He writes also of the after voyage which lies before us when our mortal life is finished. It is rather too ingenious, but it is always helpful and true to Scripture teaching.—*A Day at a Time*. By A. Alexander, M.A., B.D. (Robert Scott. 2s. 6d. net.) Thirty short sermons with a brief prayer at the end. They are full of strong sense and simple faith, clear and full of light for dark days. They are sure of a welcome in all homes.—*Stories of the Kingdom*. By Will Reason, M.A. (Morgan & Scott. 2s. net.) Talks about the parables and other Bible subjects which are both helpful and instructive.—*Drawing the Net*. By J. Morgan Gibbon. (Morgan & Scott. 1s. 6d. net.) Wise counsels, based on personal experience, as to the way to win the young for Christ.—*The Christian in Relation to the Family*. By H. D. Woolley (Morgan & Scott. 2d.). A timely word on family religion.—*The New Personality and other Sermons*. By Frederick F. Shannon (Revell. 1s. net.). Mr. Shannon is pastor of the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, and these sermons show that his popularity is based on high thinking and real knowledge of human life. His sentences are short and crisp; his illustrations are good, and he is both spiritual and practical. The 'False Wealth and True' is a sermon for the times and a really good one. Preachers will be grateful for his high-toned volume.—*The Evangelical Type of Christianity*. By Alfred E. Garvie, M.A., D.D. (Kelly. 1s. net.) This addition to the *Manuals for Christian Thinkers* is based on an article which appeared in these columns in 1914. In its expanded form it is a valuable study of Evangelicalism. The history of the type is suggestively sketched, it is skilfully defended, and some defects are pointed out. In the fourth section the need of the type is shown. It is too central in the thought and life of the New Testament to be set aside, and it meets human needs as no other type can or does. It is emphatically a book for Christian thinkers, who will find in it much that is fresh and stimulating.—*The Prayer Manual*, just issued by the Church Missionary Society (8s. 6d. and 5s.), is the fruit of three years' work by a small committee. It gives a monthly cycle of prayer covering the chief mission stations and various aspects of the foreign work. Each day has its page with subjects for thanksgiving and prayer, a collect and another prayer. Opposite to each missionary page is one for The Church at Home. There is A Short Form of Prayer for Missionary Services, prayers for Special Occasions, Family Prayers for a week, Missionary Prayers for Young People, and other forms. It is a most complete and catholic-spirited manual.—*The Second Coming of Christ*. By R. J. G. McKnight, Ph.D. (Wilkesburg, Pa.), shows that 'the Pre-Millennial view of Christ's Second Coming is without any warrant whatever.' It is a timely pamphlet.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Seconde Parte of a Register. Edited by Albert Peel, M.A., Litt.D. With a Preface by C. H. Frith, LL.D. In 2 vols. (Cambridge University Press. 21s. net.)

THE first Register of Puritan documents was seized by the authorities in London and destroyed. Several copies escaped and are still preserved. The Second Part of the Register was drawn up, but only printed in part. The compilers were evidently much discouraged by the fate of their first venture. The Second Part, a thick parchment bound volume of 1,140 pages, came into the hands of Roger Morrice, who was born in 1628, became chaplain to Lord Holles, and was in 1662 ejected from the vicarage of Duffield, and entered into business as a London merchant. He came into possession of this Register, and of another collection of 'Loose Papers,' which are both in Dr. Williams's Library. Dr. Peel has drawn up a list of the nature and contents of the Register, giving the essential parts of any important document. Their dates range from 1570 to 1590, and they throw a flood of light on the aims of the Puritan party and their complaints as to the ceremonies and doctrine of the Church, and the character of the clergy. One document in 1573 takes exception to 'those articles proposed to be subscribed unto by the mynisters and people.' Because the Book of Common Prayer 'cast some light in a time of great darkness, it is not to be inflicted on men for ever. Luther, Bucer, and Melancthon were good men, and yet were it against reason to compel men to subscribe to all their works. Good men carry in them the nots (notes) of the corruptions of those times wheren thei live, and have their faults, that only as the Lord shall encrease our knowledge, we may still be fashionyng of ourselves according to His Worde. King Henry of famous memorie was made an instrument of God to banish the Pope, and overthrow these caterpillers the Monks and Friers, to set up the Bible in English, and to do manie other good things, with what minde it is no matter to us. And yet it were no reason that all princes folowing should take him as a paterne, and keepe things at the same staie that he left them. King Edward that blessed ympe, his sonne, went further, and made a better reformation, to the comforte of all the godlie . . . and yet it is no reason that the Queenes Ma^{ty} now shoulde maintaine those abuses that remaine, no more I thinke would be, if the Lord had given him so long a time to reigne, and such increase of knowledge and sight to have discerned such corruptions.' The documents are of vital importance for students of Puritanism in the sixteenth century, and no praise is too high for the skill and care which

the Editor has for many years given to the preparation of these volumes. The Hibbert Trustees have helped in meeting the cost of their publication, and for this they deserve hearty thanks.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sir Sidney Lee. With portraits and facsimiles. New edition, rewritten and enlarged. (Smith, Elder & Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

Sir Sidney Lee's *Life* was hailed as a standard work when it first appeared in 1898, but it is now so much enriched in every direction as to be indispensable for every Shakespearean student. Recent research into our great dramatist's career has proved unexpectedly fruitful, and Sir Sidney Lee has availed himself of new documentary evidence touching the intricate stage history of the era, and the ingenious learning brought to bear on vexed questions of Shakespearean bibliography. His own studies of the archives at Stratford-on-Avon and of the wills at Somerset House have also yielded notable results. One only needs to compare the contents of the first with that of this seventh edition to see how the whole work has been recast and rewritten. It is now a cyclopaedia of Shakespearean lore which has earned a right to be set by the side of one's favourite edition of the works. It has grown from five hundred to eight hundred pages, and each page is larger than in the first edition. There are many problems still unsolved, but those who consult this volume will gain a clear knowledge of the whole subject, and will see the points at which light is still lacking. It is no small boon for lovers of English literature to have this perfected masterpiece at their service in pursuing their own studies.

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. Edited by Nehemiah Curnock, assisted by Experts. Standard Edition. Vol. VII. (Kelly. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Curnock died last November, but he had practically finished his long and arduous task. He had lavished on it his ripe experience and wide knowledge, and all future students of Wesley's *Journal* will acknowledge their debt to him and his expert assistants. This volume begins on July 18, 1784, when the old apostle preached twice to overflowing congregations in Bingley Church, and stepped into the Sunday School. He finds these institutions springing up wherever he goes, and inquires, 'Who knows but some of these Schools may become nurseries for Christians?' The record closes on August 18, 1789, when the main street at Truro was blocked with soldiers, and with a huge multitude of half-starved miners who had 'come to beg or demand an increase of their wages, without which they could not live.' Wesley could not get through the crowd to the Methodist preaching-house, but had twice as many hearers in the Coinage Hall. 'How wise are all the ways of God!' With that flash this volume ends. Its frontispiece is Romney's beautiful portrait of

Wesley, and its well-selected illustrations add greatly to the interest of the record. In 1784 Wesley was much concerned as to the Methodist Societies in the United States and set apart Dr. Coke as Superintendent. The certificate which Wesley gave him is here reproduced in facsimile. The Diary here throws new light on the veteran's work as it does on every stage in these memorable years. The Editor's notes embody a mass of information as to the persons and places mentioned in the Journal. Wesley's criticism is as caustic as ever, as his words on Voltaire show. His chief counsellors, Vincent Perrotet, John Fletcher, Charles Wesley, pass from the scene in this period. John Wesley is left in a kind of solitary grandeur, more beloved and more eagerly listened to than ever in all parts of England and Ireland. We get many a glimpse of him preparing matter for his Magazine; we see him taking 'a cheerful leave of my affectionate friends at Epworth, leaving them much more alive than I found them.' Wherever he goes that is true. Every page of this part of the Journal bears witness to the fact that he was reaping the fruit of his consecrated life. The record still sets one's soul on fire. The last volume which finishes the great story will soon be ready, with the Sermon Register, the Appendices, and the Index. Mr. Curnock's portrait will also appear in the work which so happily links his name with Wesley's.

Delane of the Times. By Sir Edward Cook. (Constable & Co. 5s. net.)

This is the opening volume of a series—*Makers of the Nineteenth Century*, edited by Mr. Basil Williams, and intended to include such names as Herbert Spencer and Bismarck. Delane has the honour of the first place. *The Times* under his editorship was a national institution, and for more than thirty-six years he guided its affairs with an independence which nothing could shake, and a sagacity and fair-mindedness which won world-wide recognition. The Prince Consort attached great importance to anything said by the paper, and both he and Queen Victoria used measures to influence Delane, though with scanty success. He was 'violently anti-Prussian. He had all the free-born Englishman's dislike of the regulation-ridden Germans: he hated the overbearing arrogance of Prussian officials.' William I, on his accession in 1861, spoke of the Divine Right of the Lord's Anointed in terms which his grandson has made familiar to our generation. Delane promptly fell upon the speech with allusions to the Stuarts, and the Revolution of 1688. This attack was regarded as 'an untoward international incident' by our Court. Lord Palmerston wrote to Delane, and received a reply which has been described as 'almost incredibly impertinent,' though most of us would now rejoice that one voice at least could not be silenced. The intimacy between Palmerston and Delane forms a striking tribute to the great Editor, and Sir Edward Cook throws light on many of those *coups* which won for *The Times* an extraordinary reputation. The relations

between Delane and Mr. Walter show how the two chiefs worked together for the prosperity of the paper. When Delane took charge in 1841, at the age of twenty-three, the average circulation of *The Times* was 40,000, of the *Morning Advertiser* 7,000, of the *Daily News* 8,500. When he retired in 1877 the circulation was 61,718. Sir E. Cook, himself an accomplished journalist, describes the enormous influence which the paper won in the Crimean War. Its articles were 'often neither judicious nor fair,' and its attacks on Lord Raglan were 'often ungenerous and sometimes ill-informed,' but the paper did much to save our men from perishing with cold and disease, and imparted new vigour to the conduct of the war. We can scarcely imagine a more instructive and interesting way of studying the history of England and her relations with the world in the memorable years of Delane's editorship than a careful perusal of this able and judicial biography.

Rudyard Kipling. A Literary Appreciation. By R. Thurston Hopkins. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Hopkins has read nearly every study and book dealing with Kipling and his work, which has been written in English, and his own appreciation is discriminating as well as enthusiastic. He has gathered material from all sources, and has discussed every side of Mr. Kipling's life as schoolboy, journalist, traveller, story-writer, and poet. One of the most interesting chapters is given to the speeches. 'When he faces a strange audience he labours under a very marked hesitancy and slowness,' but his deliverances have made no small stir in the newspapers, and the address before the students of McGill University is not to be matched in the whole of his writings for 'wholesomeness of spirit, serenity of vision, and practicability of advice.' The lecture to the Royal Geographical Society on 'Some Aspects of Travel' is also carefully commented upon. The chapter on 'Sussex' is delightful, and so is that with the rather stiff title, 'Kipling's cultured delight in odour.' No other study of the writings seems to have fastened on their astonishingly keen sense of smell. We get a glimpse of Kipling's workroom from Dr. Kellner's impressions of his visit to Rottingdean in 1898, and mark the Puritan strain which made him express his distrust of fame and praise. Lists of photographs, caricatures and drawings, magazine articles and burlesques are given as appendixes, and some well selected illustrations add much to the pleasure with which one studies a volume which is full of interest from beginning to end.

Dostoevsky: His Life and Literary Activity. By Evgenii Soloviev. Translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)

This is the most complete and suggestive study of Dostoevsky that we have read. It gives an interesting picture of his life as a boy, his student days in the School of Engineering at St. Petersburg,

and his early professional life which he quitted for literature after a few years of Bohemian bachelordom. He knew the Russian populace, and never denied that it was rude and ignorant and brutal, yet he believed that underneath lay a lofty soul charged with a sense of rectitude, the corner-stones of which are sympathy with suffering and a power of self-sacrifice. He had been a voracious reader, though he had none of the discipline that would have come with real self-culture. Reading developed and harmonized his innate talent, but it over-enriched his fancy. His heedless, improvident life of the heart and imagination tortured him to the end. The success of his first story, *Poor Folk*, surpassed all expectations. He thought that he had become the first literary star in Russia. He undertook more literary work than he could do well, and his next ventures were disappointing. His neurotic malady was intensified, and he thought he was falling into consumption. Then he became a revolutionary, and was sent for four years to penal servitude in Siberia. The sharp experience of prison life had some compensations. He reviewed his past, and resolved that the future should be free from its errors. In March, 1854, he was released. *Letters from a Dead House*, which he had thought out in Siberia, created quite a furore, and re-established his literary reputation. This was increased by *Crime and Punishment*, and by *The Brothers Karamazov*, 'a marvellous epic of human vileness, aberration, and psychopathy.' He had now won his place by the side of Turgenev and Tolstoi. But though he had won fame, his life was a long struggle with epilepsy and impecuniosity. He died on January 28, 1881. A return to the people, service of the masses in a spirit of Christian love and truth was his message to the Russian upper classes, and his work has borne good fruit.

The Mellards and their descendants, including the Bibbys of Liverpool, with memoirs of Dinah Maria Mulock and Thomas Mellard Reade. By Aleyn Lyell Reade. (London : Arden Press.)

This is a privately printed work, of which only two hundred copies have been struck off. It is illustrated with elaborate pedigrees and twenty-five full-page plates—portraits, mural tablets, and views of houses. Its preparation has been a labour of love to Mr. Reade, and Mr. Frank Bibby, of Hardwicke Grange, Shrewsbury, has made a very substantial contribution to the printing fund. Joseph, the founder of the Mellard family, was married at Stoke-on-Trent to Elizabeth Baddeley, daughter of a Newcastle tailor, in 1748. He spent the rest of his life at Newcastle-under-Lyme, where he was a tanner. His marriage register gives his name correctly, but all his children were baptized as 'Mellor.' The eldest daughter of his second son married in 1805 John Bibby, who founded the Liverpool shipping line two years later. Many interesting particulars are given of him and his descendants. Joseph Mellard's third son, Thomas, was the grandfather of Dinah Mulock. He married Jane Bucknall, daughter

of a Newcastle feltmaker, when he was only twenty, and had one son and eleven daughters. Dinah married an eccentric Irish evangelist, Thomas Mulock, of whom Byron says, 'He wrote to me several letters upon Christianity, to convert me; and, if I had not been a Christian already, I should probably have been now, in consequence.' A vivid picture of Thomas Mulock's religious crusade in the Potteries is given by William Howitt, but the chief literary interest of the volume centres round his daughter, the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, of whom a fine portrait is given as frontispiece. It is a beautiful memoir of a gifted and devoted woman. Miss Mulock's cousin, Thomas Mellard Reade, was an architect and engineer in Liverpool, and won considerable reputation as a geologist. The book is a notable piece of family history compiled with much skill and taste, and we count ourselves fortunate to have had the honour of receiving a copy of the large and handsome volume.

Lanoe Falconer (Author of Mademoiselle Ize). By Evelyn March-Phillipps. (Nisbet & Co. 6s. net.)

Mademoiselle Ize made the reputation of its writer, Miss Mary Hawker, though it had had a weary round among the publishers before Mr. Fisher Unwin saw its quality and founded his *Pseudonym Library* to give it to the world. Mr. Gladstone's enthusiastic approval did much to draw attention to what has been called 'the best short story in the English language,' and the little book brought the author £470 in royalties. *Cecilia de Noel* added much to her reputation, though Mrs. Drew did not like it as well as the first book. She admitted, however, that she was always prejudiced badly against a ghost story. This touching memoir gives many extracts from Miss Hawker's contributions to the little family magazine which she and her young relatives kept in their childhood. Her character studies and thought notes also furnish much racy and suggestive material. In the full tide of popularity ill-health robbed her of creative power, and her literary work came to an untimely end. But that only caused the spiritual life to assume larger proportions. As life drew nearer to its close she wrote, 'In God we find all things; even the days that are no more.' Another note says, 'I had a glimpse to-day of what the Presence of God is: an actual, a physical neighbourhood, not the least the shadowy, ghost-like existence of our common conception.' She died of consumption in 1908 at the age of sixty, and rests in the little churchyard of Lyonshall, in Herefordshire.

William de Colchester, Abbot of Westminster. By E. H. Pearce. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.)

Canon Pearce's brief biography grew out of a lecture which he delivered at the Royal Institution. Its material is drawn from the Muniment Room at the Abbey. Shakespeare calls William 'the grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,' but he outlived the con-

spiracy referred to in *Richard II.* by twenty years. The training of the novice from Essex, his missions to Rome, his work as Arch-deacon and Abbot are brightly sketched. The abbot was an excellent man of business, and a great lover of music. The Abbey and the welfare of his brethren were always in his mind, and Canon Pearce gives a beautiful letter from him to his 'beloved sons in Christ,' calling them to 'give themselves so much the more earnestly to meditation and prayer as the distress and wickedness of the times becomes more pressing.' The book brings one very near to the life of the fourteenth century, and it has some attractive illustrations.

Juliette Drouet's Love-Letters to Victor Hugo. Edited with a biography of Juliette Drouet. By Louis Guimbaud. Translated with a photogravure frontispiece and 36 illustrations in half-tone. (Stanley Paul & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Juliette Drouet wrote more than twenty thousand love-letters to Victor Hugo, and from them and other documents this volume has been compiled. M. Guimbaud's biography helps us to see the great French author in his relations to this woman who lavished on him such sincere affection. She lost both her parents before she was eighteen months old, and was brought up by an uncle, and then by an aunt who was in a Parisian convent. The girl afterwards became pupil, model, and mistress to the Sculptor Pradier, by whom she had one daughter. Then she found her way to the theatre, and got to know Victor Hugo by acting in some of his plays. It is a painful story, but though Hugo found a life-long friend who took care of his health and comfort, shared his country rambles, copied out his manuscripts, and even won the regard of his wife and children, he tried Juliette sorely by his infidelities. He made her relinquish the theatre and keep apart from society, and when she complained of having nothing to do he set her to write to him. That is the way these letters grew. They give many glimpses of the famous writer in his home and in his private character, and show how much real respect and affection there was between them, despite the immoral relation of their earlier years.

Sir Edward Grey, K.G. (Newnes. 2s. 6d. net.)

The writer of this book has attempted to give a true picture of Sir Edward Grey, and to show why he deserves the gratitude and confidence not only of his own country but also of all States which pursue an honourable and pacific diplomacy. The descriptions of Sir Edward's home-training, the influence of the future Bishop Creighton on him as a youth, and of his angling and his skill in tennis are well done. Sir Edward received his training for office as Secretary to Sir Evelyn Baring, and afterwards to Mr. Childers. In 1885 he entered Parliament as Member for Berwick-on-Tweed. It was soon found that he combined in an ideal way comparative youth and

sound judgement, and as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs he showed a tact and urbanity worthy of an old Parliamentary hand. He became Foreign Secretary in 1905, and the Balkan crisis made the world aware of his extraordinary power, founded on intelligence, honesty, and strong character. This book will make a strong appeal to every Englishman.

The Peace of the Augustans. By George Saintsbury, M.A., D.Litt. (Bell & Sons. 8s. 6d. net.)

This is 'A survey of Eighteenth-century Literature as a place of rest and refreshment.' Such a general view of the literary output of that age has never been undertaken, and Mr. Saintsbury's work has a broad human interest which appeals to the general reader as well as to the scholar. He has no sympathy with the contempt which is poured upon the eighteenth century, and no one who reads his book will fail to see what a wealth of genius and industry it possessed. The work is divided into nine chapters, each of which makes delightful reading. Swift is described as 'the most hopeless misanthropist and almost the miserrimus of literary history,' yet in his works there is no moaning or raving. The 'extraordinary greatness of Swift's own genius' is impressively brought out. Pope had no claim to originality, but it is amusing to note 'the Puckish art with which he excised, vamped, and transformed prose (and even verse whenever, which was not so often, it was safe) to suit his new friendships or his new spites.' The pages on Johnson are of special interest. Mr. Saintsbury regards him as 'one of the greatest of Englishmen, one of the greatest of men of letters, and one of the greatest of men—not less great because he had an abundance of human infirmities.' Horace Walpole's Letters might claim a place, after the Bible and Shakespeare, in a library of three. 'It is certainly a striking contrast to the other two, and it cannot be said to duplicate anything that they contain. But it supplies the pastime which one of them at least does not pretend to offer, and almost everything in which it is wanting or faulty one or other of them will furnish or correct.' Due attention is given to Gray and Cowper, both as letter-writers and as poets. The book is so frank in its judgements, and so full of discernment, that it makes a valuable contribution to the study of the eighteenth century. We were rather startled to find three mistakes in one line quoted from Tennyson on p. 21.

Les Protestants Anglais réfugiés à Genève au temps de Calvin, 1555-1560. Leur église—Leurs écrits. Monographie par Charles Martin, D.D. (Genève: Jullien. 7 frs. 50.)

Dr. Martin, who was formerly pastor in Geneva, has dedicated this monograph to the University of Glasgow, which has conferred on him its divinity degree. The work is a memorial of the intimate relations that formerly existed between his own city and Scotland. He has drawn much material from books that are by no means

easy of access, and has given many informing details of the origin of the refugee Church in Geneva, its prominent members, its constitution, liturgy, and psalter, and the theological and politico-ecclesiastical writings of its members. Considerable attention is paid to John Knox's *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, which appeared anonymously at Geneva in 1558, and the sermon of his colleague, Christopher Goodman, on the obedience due to rulers. Whittingham introduced the italics which mark words or phrases not found in the original, but added to bring out the meaning of a passage. The end of the Church by the return of its members to their own country in 1559-60 is described, and some interesting facts are given as to their after life.

South-West Africa. By William Eveleigh. (T. F. Unwin. 5s. net.)

There is no book in English which deals with what was recently known as German South-West Africa, and recent events have given imperial importance to the subject. Mr. Eveleigh is an able and well-informed Wesleyan minister, and his book is fittingly dedicated to General Botha. It shows that S.W. Africa is by no means the desert region which some suppose. It has diamond fields, and copper mines of great value, and other deposits which promise well. Dr. Rohrbach estimated that the grazing land was equal in area to that of the German Empire in Europe, and capable of carrying three million head of cattle and two million sheep and goats. The agricultural lands are amazingly fertile and with proper irrigation are capable of much development. Mr. Eveleigh gives a very interesting account of the geography, the climate, the flora and fauna of the country. His sketch of the history and the German occupation will be eagerly studied. German emissaries have been trying since the seventies of last century to undermine British authority in South Africa. A pan-German propaganda was arranged to seduce the men of 'Low German descent' from their allegiance to the Union Government. The book is just what English readers need to enable them to understand our new colony, and it is both well-informed and interesting.

Walker of Tinnevely. By Amy Wilson-Carmichael. (Morgan & Scott. 6s. net.)

Thomas Walker was a devoted Tamil Missionary of the C.M.S., a strong Evangelical, who did his utmost to foster good relations with Nonconformists, and fought many a brave fight with intolerance of every kind. Miss Wilson-Carmichael worked with him in India, and she makes us see her friend and leader with her own eyes. His love of fun brightened his home circle, and his Bible readings had wonderful power. The chapter entitled 'Child, Boy, and Student' is of great interest, so is the account of his curacies in London. It is an inspiration to trace such a man's footsteps.

The Apostles of India. By J. N. Ogilvie, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

Dr. Ogilvie's studies form an illuminating record of the evolution of Christian Missions in India through nineteen centuries. His own experience as a missionary in Madras and Bangalore has been of service in the handling of his eleven biographies. He begins with St. Thomas, and his studies include Xavier, Ziegenbalg, Schwartz, Carey, Martyn and Duff. It has long been a matter of special gratulation to Indian Christians that St. Thomas stands at the head of the bright succession of their missionaries. Dr. Ogilvie thinks it certain that St. Thomas preached in India, and extremely probable that he laboured in the Punjab. That South India was a later field of his labour, and the scene of his martyrdom is a tradition, unverified, and now in all likelihood unverifiable, though not beyond the bounds of possibility. The sketch of Henry Martyn shows that the legacy which he left to the Church of Christ has proved one of the richest and most fruitful ever bequeathed by a missionary.

Mary Bird in Persia. By Clara C. Rice. (Church Missionary Society. 3s. 6d.)

Miss Bird was granddaughter of Robert Merttins Bird, one of the greatest administrators of the United Provinces in India. Her father, Rector of Castle Eden, was a cousin of the famous traveller, Isabella Bird Bishop. She went to Persia in 1891 to undertake pioneer work among Mohammedan women, and proved herself 'a magnificent missionary.' Mrs. Rice gives a brief sketch of the history of Persia, and describes the customs of the country in a way that throws light on Miss Bird's work. She was not a trained doctor, but she had real medical gifts, and above all she had a boundless zeal for the good of the people. This is a beautiful record of a noble, Christlike life. The full-page illustrations deserve special praise.

In Part VII. of *Princess Aelfrida's Charity* (Blackheath : Burnside. 6d.) Dr. Lansdell describes how Morden College came under the management of the Aldermen of the City of London, and how he was appointed Chaplain in 1892. It is a little book of great interest.

Curzon's *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant* was John Ruskin's favourite book of travel, and Mr. Hogarth, in an introduction to the new Oxford reprint (Milford, 2s. 6d. net), says, 'In narrative and description it will bear comparison with any other book of travel, and the humorous sympathy with all sorts and conditions of Levantines which is infused through its pages gives it a humanity all its own.' Curzon's account of the ceremony of the Holy Fire in Jerusalem is a classic, and there is many an arresting incident, such as the story of the magnificent-looking monk on Mount Athos who had never seen a woman. Mr. Hogarth's expert estimate of the book and of Curzon's work is of special interest, and the reprint forms a very attractive and really valuable volume.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

Nelson's History of the War. By John Buchan. Vols. IX. and X. (Nelson & Sons. 1s. net.)

VOLUME IX. opens with the Italian advance on Trieste, which had to face formidable barriers. The plan was sound ; the fighting was full of courage and resolution, yet the result of the three months' campaign was a check. The whole situation is skilfully described. The next chapter deals with 'the Deadlock at Gallipoli.' 'The time is not yet for a final judgement, but it looks as if those responsible for the plan of the Gallipoli attack may have to bear the heaviest burden of criticism from future historians of the war.' The results were sadly disproportionate to the huge loss, yet 'not even at Ypres had our troops shown a more dauntless courage, a more complete devotion, or a more stubborn resolution.' In dealing with 'The Balkan Labyrinth,' Mr. Buchan gives vigorous estimates of Venezelos and of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and shows the welter of struggling interests into which fell the thunderbolt of the European War. The Allied diplomacy, especially that of Britain, failed. 'We had begun by refusing to take the Balkans seriously, and ended by passing from apathy to bustle.' The chapter on 'the Psychology of Grandeur' makes it clear that Germany has gone mad in this war. History will probably put the chief blame on the high financial and industrial circles, with their obedient satellites, the University professors. 'The Straining of American Patience' is also dealt with. The intrigues of Count Bernstorff and his friends 'made a decorous neutrality impossible.' Some thrilling pages are given to 'The Great Russian Retreat.'

Volume X. describes the war in Mesopotamia, which has a strategical importance of the first order. Its object is to keep the enemy from the shores of the Persian Gulf, in case he should establish himself on the flank of our highway to India. The German menace in the Balkans showed the importance of the campaign. The chapter on 'The New Landing at Gallipoli' is painful reading. The Suvla attack was a bold and practical scheme which miscarried owing to mistakes in detail and involved the undoing of the whole enterprise. The struggle in Russia from August 21 up to the battles of the Vilna salient is lighted up in two stirring chapters. Von Hindenburg's plan, which had all the advantages in its favour, miscarried conspicuously. 'It seemed a sovereign chance for Germany to put into effect her outflanking and enveloping strategy, and to turn her strategic pursuit into a series of decisive actions.' Yet the vastly superior German force failed to cut off any considerable part of the Russian army which had been retreating for nearly five months. The last chapters are given to the battles of Cham-

pagne and Loos. Our staff work was sadly at fault at Loos. The men were heroic, but failures of organization robbed us of the results of their mighty effort. The whole story is thrilling.

The Balkans: A History of Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Turkey. By Nevill Forbes, Arnold J. Toynbee, D. Mitrany, D. G. Hogarth. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 5s. net.)

Each of the four writers of this volume is responsible for his own section. They have had no opportunity for inter-exchange of views, but all feel that every one of the Balkan peoples 'has a past worthy of more than our respect and interwoven in some way with our history. They are fine peoples who have not obtained their proper places in the sun.' Mr. Forbes traces the history of Bulgaria and Serbia from classic times down to the second Balkan war of 1918. Bulgaria is very democratic, yet King Ferdinand has always been virtually his own foreign minister. The method chosen to redress the results of the first Balkan war 'could only have been suggested by the Germanic school of diplomacy.' The two Balkan wars brought national self-confidence and rejoicing to Serbia and Montenegro such as they had not known for very many years. Mr. Toynbee reviews the story of Greece till she once more became a constitutional country under Venizelos, the good genius of the nation. He lays stress on the influence exerted by America in remote Greek villages through the returned emigrant. 'If any one can set Greece upon a new path it is he.' His savings will help to set the mines and vineyards free from the European exploiter, his American cosmopolitanism will spread abroad a saner and more tolerant spirit. M. Mitrany shows the influences which have led to Rumania's neutrality in the present war. 'The nation at large must not be judged by the policy of the few who hold the reins.' Mr. Hogarth follows the story of Turkey down to the Balkan war out of which the Ottoman power emerged 'clinging to a mere remnant of its European empire—one single mutilated province which did not pay its way.' If Constantinople should be lost in the present war, the Arab-speaking parts of the Empire would probably break away, carrying the Holy Cities with them. Asia Minor would stand by the Osmanli cause. The book is provided with two maps of the Balkan peninsula and one of the Ottoman Empire. Such a compact summary of Balkan history one can find nowhere else, and the writers' views on the whole Balkan problem are of singular interest and importance.

My Year of the War. By Frederick Palmer. (Murray. 6s. net.)

Mr. Palmer was the only accredited American correspondent at the British Front. He has seen too much of the war to pose as a military expert, but is 'certain only that the Marne was a decisive battle for

civilization ; that if England had not gone into the war the Germanic powers would have won in three months.' He adds, 'no words can exaggerate the heroism and sacrifice of the French or the importance of the part which the British have played, which we shall not realize till the war is over.' Mr. Palmer arrived in England from New York in the *Lusitania* before the war was a week old. When he crossed the Channel he found Brussels rejoicing over bulletins of victory and lined with bunting, which soon had to give way to mourning at the coming of the German army. Then he saw Paris 'without theatres, without young men, without omnibuses.' Its heart stood still, and was breathing hard, but when the German invasion was stayed it began to breathe regularly again. Later still he was in Hamburg, which was as dead as Ypres, though it had not a building wrecked with shells. He worked at relief service in Belgium with Mr. Brand Whitlock, 'an honest man with a big heart,' and pays tribute to England's humanity in allowing food supplies to reach the starving people, though hard-and-fast military policy might have thrown the task of feeding them on the Germans. The account of life in Nancy and the failure of the German offensive are well described, and many instances are given of the serene courage and loyalty of French men and women. The description of the British fleet and its readiness for war is exhilarating. Mr. Palmer pays warm tribute to our Expeditionary Army: 'man for man and regiment for regiment, I should say it was the best force that ever fired a shot in Europe.' He feels that the English character has not lost its dogged, unconquerable persistence, and he clearly understands that the Allies are fighting for civilization. It is a book that will warm the heart of every Englishman and every Frenchman.

Day by Day with the Russian Army, 1914-15. By Bernard Pares. With Maps. (Constable & Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

During the last ten years Prof. Pares has paid frequent visits to Russia with a view to promote closer relations between that country and England. He always travelled through Germany, 'whose people had an inborn unintelligence and contempt for all things Russian, and whose Government has done what it could to hold England and Russia at arms' length from each other.' He often used to wonder which of us Germany would fight first. On the outbreak of war he volunteered for service, and reached Petrograd about a fortnight later. He was asked to become official correspondent with the Russian army, and was allowed to join the Red Cross organization of the Third Army. He shared its daily life and was invited to see and take part in everything. The endurance of the men in the trenches is extraordinary. It is a common experience for a man to be there five or eight days in pouring rain, almost or altogether without food, then to rush on the enemy, lie for the night wounded, lose a limb at the hospital, and yet be patient and affectionate, cheerful, and even jovial under all. Religion is a great power. The book is

one of sustained interest, and one that will do much to increase the good understanding and the sympathy between this country and its brave ally.

Europe's Debt to Russia. By Charles Sarolea. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

This book covers an astonishing amount of ground. It begins with the geography of Russia, which has set an indelible stamp on the country. The great natural, economic, climatic forces follow their immovable course and always threaten to enslave man. Yet the Russians and the Chinese are the most prolific people of the earth. The empire has 175 million inhabitants, and in thirty-five years the number will probably be 800 millions. Dr. Sarolea shows what the world owes to Russia as the champion of democracy and the liberator of oppressed nationalities. He describes the great Russian triumvirate—Turgenev, Tolstoi, and Dostoevsky, one of the most pathetic figures in literature. The section on Russian problems deals with Poland and the Russian Jew in a really illuminating way. It is a book which every one ought to read. It is packed with facts, and it is delightfully written by one who believes that Russia has a wonderful future.

We may refer here to a set of four lectures on *The Russian Church* (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net), which describe its history, constitution, doctrine, and ceremonial. The names of Dr. Dearmer and his three colleagues invite attention, and the lectures are just what English readers need to understand the Greek Church.

The Evolution of Prussia: The Making of an Empire. By J. A. R. Marriott, M.A., and C. Grant Robertson, M.A. (Clarendon Press. 5s. net.)

This book fills up a conspicuous and somewhat discreditable gap in our historical literature, and it does so at a moment when every one is eager to get light on the rise and development of Brandenburg-Prussia, and the Prussianization of Germany under the Hohenzollern dynasty. In an introductory chapter the authors show that Prussian supremacy in the German Empire rests not only on great prestige and a great tradition, but also on solid and indisputable facts. These are clearly set forth. The origins of Brandenburg-Prussia and its history from 1618 to 1740 are then sketched, and Frederick the Great's reign receives special attention as the decisive epoch in the development of Prussia. 'As soldier, diplomatist, and administrator he is the most gifted and ablest head, the most powerful and impressive personality of all the Hohenzollern rulers.' His prodigious labours in peace and war are vividly set forth. For him, morality was a damaging handicap to statecraft. He is the arch-casuist in the political life of the eighteenth century. The other great figure of this history is Bismarck, whose masterful rule is described with force and insight. He transformed Prussia, and lived to see 'an

industrialized imperial Germany,' which he called 'a new age, a new world.' Yet, whilst his authority was unique with his sovereign, he was surrounded by a continuous network of intrigue, recrimination, jealousy, and envenomed tracasseries,' and after his fall 'the world saw with pain Bismarck himself unbare alike to scoffer and seeker of the truth the feet of clay and the heart of black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs.' An epilogue covers succinctly the years from 1890-1914. The book is one that was urgently needed, and it is one of the deepest interest and importance.

Poland: A Study in National Idealism. By Monica Gardner. (Burns & Oates. 8s. 6d. net.)

Miss Gardner's object is to give English readers some conception of the idealism and the patriotism by which Poland has preserved her life through more than a hundred years of suffering and oppression. The first chapter draws a lurid picture of a century of woes. Prussia has surpassed itself in 'Pole worrying.' He is treated as a despised and detested alien in the country which belonged to him centuries before Prussia rose into existence. 'Between the Pole and Prussian there is no single bond of sympathy, similarity, or union.' This poignant chapter prepares the way for a survey of the national literature with special notice of Mickiewicz, the poet of a nation's suffering; Krasinski, the anonymous poet of Poland, and other writers who throw light on Polish ideals. The book is a real contribution to the true understanding of Polish character and Polish aspirations. The hints as to pronunciation are welcome. W is pronounced V, cz as ch, &c.

The Balkan Peninsula. By Frank Fox. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Fox was correspondent for the *Morning Post* in 1912-18 during the war of the Balkan allies against Turkey, and though his book was written before the present conflict broke out, it throws much light on the conditions in the Balkan peninsula, where 'in all human probability' the present war will be decided finally. Mr. Fox's experience left him with a steady affection for the common folk, but with 'a dislike and contempt, which needs few exceptions, for the politicians and priests who governed their destinies.' His first three chapters give a brief record of the leading facts in Balkan history, with the story of Turkish rule and the way in which it was pushed back in all directions during the nineteenth century. Mr. Fox was struck by the exceedingly careful preparation which Bulgaria had made for the war of 1912. The Turks were inclined to make great concessions, but these would not have prevented war. Every man of fighting age was at the front or on the lines of communication. The mobilization was a triumphant success, and up to the investment of Adrianople everything went well; then came the Peace Conference, and when the last atom of concession had been wrung from Turkey,

Bulgaria quarrelled with her allies, and wrecked all her prospects. During the war with Turkey the Balkan allies had lost 75,000 men, during their fratricidal war they are said to have lost more.

Letters from a Field Hospital. By Mabel Dearmer. With a Memoir of the Author by Stephen Gwynn. (Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Gwynn has made his friend live again in this tender memoir. She had rare gifts as artist and writer, and when Mr. Gwynn first knew her, she was 'wild with the sheer desire of living—grasping at life with both hands.' He gives a pleasant sketch of her manifold activities, and especially of her morality plays, and all that grew out of them. When war broke out she had forged her way through a host of difficulties, and had found a delightful country home in the Cotswolds. There she took root quickly, and seemed happier than she had ever been in her life. Dr. Dearmer went and came as the work of his London parish allowed, and friends shared her joys till war broke out. Then her two sons enlisted, her husband went out as chaplain to the Serbian hospital unit, and she volunteered as an orderly. Her vivid letters show how bravely and self-forgetfully she laboured to relieve the woes of Serbia, till she herself died of fever at Kragujevatz, July 11, 1915. Three months later her younger son was killed at Suvla Bay. The little book will be treasured by all who knew Mrs. Dearmer, and by a growing circle of friends and admirers who will feel that this record has brought her very near to their hearts.

Domestic Life in Rumania. By Dorothea Kirke. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

These letters are supposed to be written by an English lady who is 'La Nurse' in a Rumanian family at Bukarest. They abound in homely touches which give them fresh and living interest. Dr. Goldschmidt, whose youngest child is the nurse's special charge, is a Rumanian *avocat* with his bureau under his own roof. He is a Jew, a clever man and a linguist; his wife is a Russian by birth. The letters give many details about their evening parties, and their home life. Every one in Bukarest seemed to wear uniforms. Two smart, grey-headed officers kissed each other affectionately in the Boulevard Carol 'with resounding smacks. One hand was on the sword-hilt, the other, gloved, waved gracefully in the air.' The driver of a carriage holds a rein in each hand and whirls round corners after a warning howl which startles his fare more effectually than it warns the passer-by. The passenger does not tell the driver where he wishes to go, but guides him by a pull at the right or left hand of the bright coloured sash which he wears round his neck. Miss Kirke saw the late Queen, 'Carmen Sylva,' who was a fine musician as well as poet and romance writer. The Crown Prince is the King's nephew, and his wife is the lovely Marie of Edinburgh and

Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Bukarest gets unbearably hot in July and August, when all who can afford to do so leave for cooler places. The Goldschmidts went to Sinaia, where the mountains are clothed with woods almost to the top, and the River Prahova dashes over the rocks and races under the grey stone bridge. The meadows are full of lovely flowers. The Rumanian peasant seldom sees his landlord, but now and then he spends a summer in his vast country-house. 'While he is there his tenants have to provide him with milk and butter, enough hay for eight horses, and unlimited poultry.' The real wealth of the country is in petroleum wells, which appear inexhaustible. The forests are immense, but are growing smaller through the improvidence of the landlords. Some pleasant letters describe a little holiday in Constantinople. St. Sophia is 'a delicate buff colour, charming against the clear blue sky, and has some big trees near it. Inside the building is pale grey, with a mosaic roof and carved galleries. The great dome in the centre has shields round it and winged angels whose heads have been repaced by golden bosses. It is lighted with hundreds of little lamps, the shape of jam-pots, strung on wire.' The letters are always bright and give a vivid description of daily life in Rumania.

The Path of Glory, by Anatole France (Lane. 6s.), is a memorial of Jean Pierre Barbier, a brilliant young French writer. He was only twenty when he fell at the front on Christmas Eve, 1914. Anatole France contributes eight or nine little papers which are given in the original, and in a translation by Alfred Allinson. They have a grace and an ardour which lays hold of the reader. The record of brave deeds in the first of them is very impressive, and the little dialogue between Xerxes and Demaratus, with its application to the present war, is a skilled piece of work. The dedication to King Albert, given in facsimile, the portrait of the author, and the beautiful one of M. Barbier, add much to the charm of this volume.

A Frenchman's Thoughts on the War, by Paul Sabatier, translated by Bernard Miall (T. F. Unwin, 4s. 6d. net), will repay careful attention. August, 1914, brought a double revelation to France. She saw the German dragon in all its horrible reality, and at the same time became intuitively aware of what she herself was and was worth. Frenchmen are not merely fighting for their own country, but feel themselves to a certain extent champions of German liberty. M. Sabatier expresses the gratitude of his country to Great Britain, and shows that his own fear lest war should compromise the spiritual impulse of France has been quite unjustified. The serenity with which the peril was faced seems almost miraculous. War has brought unspeakable sorrows, but it has set before the country 'duties, responsibilities, and sacrifices such as no generation of the past was ever confronted with.' All the war is in that saying of King Albert, 'I have lost everything, but I have saved my soul.' France also will save her soul.

The Fringes of the Fleet. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co. 6d. net.)

Auxiliaries, Submarines, Patrols, are the three sections of Mr. Kipling's little masterpiece. Two chapters are given to each, and each chapter is prefaced by some patriotic verse which has its own throb and thrill. We come into touch with the work of mine-sweepers, we visit the submarines, where men 'play hourly for each other's lives, with death, the Umpire, always at their elbow on tiptoe to give them "Out."' Last of all we board the destroyers that patrol the coast with their triple line of defence. It is wonderfully vivid writing, and it brings new pride in our navy, and fresh recognition of its priceless work as the guardian of our shores and of our commerce.

A Noble Woman: The Life Story of Edith Cavell. By Ernest Protheroe. (Kelly. 1s. net.)

Nurse Cavell has become one of England's heroines, and this little record shows how she was prepared for her vocation in the sunny rectory of Swardston, where her never-failing care for others made her so much beloved. She was thoroughly trained at the London hospital, and had gained large experience before she found her way to Brussels in 1906. Mr. Protheroe describes her work there, which steadily broadened out its usefulness till the war began. Chapters on her arrest, her secret trial, and the fight for her life are followed by the tragedy of her execution, and the outburst of indignation in all lands. It is a heart-rending story. Mr. Protheroe tells it with deep feeling, and every one will read it with admiration for a noble woman, and stern resolve to crush the tyranny which vented its hatred on an Englishwoman who spent her life in doing good.

Aspirations of Bulgaria. Translated from the Serbian of Balkanicus. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

This volume shows by the evidence of State documents the double dealing of Bulgaria in 1913. Almost all the Bulgars thought it possible to have two policies at the same time; one leaning on Austria and the Triple Alliance, the other on the Triple Entente. 'Duplicity, more or less,' seems to have marked all the Bulgarian statesmen and politicians, and to have been welcomed and developed by King Ferdinand himself. After the disaster of 1913 Bulgaria foresaw the Great European War, and made up her mind to break with Russia, and ignore the obligations due to her liberator; to give up all idea of solidity with Slavdom, and to plot against Serbia and Greece. King Ferdinand was unwavering in his view of the community of Bulgarian and Austrian interests in the Balkans. Austria was seen to be the only ally in the struggle between herself and her neighbours. The book will be of much service to students of the Balkan problem.

Submarines: Their Mechanism and Operation. By Frederick A. Talbot. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Talbot has a special gift in describing the wonders of modern invention, and his books on *Moving Pictures* and *Aeroplanes* have been eagerly studied. His latest volume is of extraordinary interest. It will surprise not a few of his readers to learn that the submarine is practically as old as the sailing ship. The idea of the submarine as we know it to-day was elaborated by Mr. Day, who was drowned in a submarine boat of his own design in Plymouth Sound in 1774. By the aid of many fine illustrations, Mr. Talbot describes the machinery of the modern submarine, its wonderful eye—the periscope—and the arrangement for launching torpedoes, and he does it in a way that is wonderfully clear and intensely interesting. He gives much information also about the strength of the various navies in this fighting arm and sets out the limitations and the future of the submarine. As a fighting machine it has excelled the most sanguine anticipations, but it has been impotent when adequate combative measures are adopted.

War-Time Sermons. By H. Hensley Henson, D.D. (Macmillan & Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

Dean Henson's twenty-one sermons were preached in the Cathedrals of Durham, Carlisle, Manchester, Bristol, and Norwich, in Sunderland, St. Mary's, Oxford, Westminster Abbey, the Temple Church, and St. Margaret's, Westminster. They are brief, lucid, practical. All deal with questions raised by the war, 'which has brought the nation back, with the shock of unwelcome surprise, to the actualities of the world's life, and disallowed a vast accumulation of empty hopes and theories.' The Dean guards himself against those violences of thought and speech into which a speaker is so easily betrayed at this crisis. But he sees clearly that 'to refuse to fight is to hand over the control of the world to violence, and to betray the Cause of Righteousness.' The conscience of the civilized world approved our conflict, and the Dean is persuaded that by and by the German people itself will admit that it was misled and mishandled by its rulers. In many ways the great struggle is purifying nationality. 'England will be dearer than ever to the Englishman, France to the Frenchman, Belgium to the Belgian, Russia to the Russian, after this long and terrible conflict.' This is one of the best sets of war-sermons that we have read.

Christ and the Sword. By Joseph Dawson. (Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.) These twelve sermons are intended for those who are perplexed by the problems of the Great War. The preacher admits that he is obsessed by the subject, and there is scarcely a side of it on which he has not some wise and helpful message. He is not afraid to face such problems as 'How would Christ treat Germany' and 'Is the War a Judgement?' and the way in which he deals with them is illuminating. The sermons are forcible, and the illustrations are very effective.

Sermons on Subjects suggested by the War. Second Series. (Macmillan & Co. 6d. net). The Bishop of Winchester's searching discourse dwells on 'The Judgements of God'; Dr. Scott Holland's 'Institutionalism under Tension,' with its striking illustration from Roman history, calls for 'a league for this spiritual warfare to be fought against sin, the flesh, and the devil when 'our brave defenders come home. Canon Carnegie shows how democracy needs personal leadership. Three stimulating sermons which have a real message for the times.—*The World War and After.* By Alfred E. Knight. (Morgan & Scott. 2s. net). Mr. Knight gives an impressive survey of the great religious upheaval in Germany. 'The megalomania of the Overman has taken the place of the Man Christ Jesus,' and Modern Lutheranism is described as 'Rationalism in a surplice.' He shows how this Rationalism, 'originating and crystallizing in Germany,' has been at work in our own country. Mr. Knight takes too pessimistic a view, but his strong words will arrest attention. He feels, 'that in spite of all, the work of God goes forward.'—*Unlikely Ministries of God.* By J. Stuart Holden. (Morgan & Scott. 1s. net.) Mr. Holden believes that God was never more truly at work in human affairs than at present. His four addresses were greatly appreciated at the Keswick Convention, and they will be a help and blessing to all who read them.—*Visions of the Red Cross.* By E. W. Walters. (Kelly. 6d. net.) Those who read Mr. Walters' little book on *The Souls of the Brave* will be eager to read this also. Dying men and heroic women have their vision of Christ. He stands by the bed of the wounded with words of comfort. Other visions of the world-war follow, leading on to the triumph of right and the blessing of peace. It is no small pleasure to have such inspiring visions in the midst of all the world's conflict.—*German Economic Policy in Poland.* (8d. net.) The Polish Information Committee has been allowed to reprint three articles which appeared in *The Times* last November. They show how Germany is exploiting the occupied territory to the utmost.—*Through the Jews to God.* By S. C. Kirkpatrick, S.Th. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d. net.) The writer of this history of the Jews has spent a long time in the Ghetto, and has had special opportunities of appreciating the Jewish point of view. He believes that orthodox Judaism and orthodox Christianity working shoulder to shoulder will eventually draw together. He pleads that Jew and Gentile should accept the Charter, of the Kingdom, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Kingdom of God will then receive outward expression. The last chapter, on 'Problems, Thoughts, and Visions,' is very suggestive. The European War is drawing the Jews close to the Allies, and if a second St. Paul would arise the Jewish nation might become the richest jewel in the Christian Church.

GENERAL

The Modern Study of Literature. An Introduction to Literary Theory and Interpretation. By Richard Green Moulton, Professor of Literary Theory and Interpretation in the University of Chicago. (University of Chicago Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

EVERYONE who remembers Dr. Richard Moulton's lectures on literature, and especially on the literary forms and values of the Bible, will welcome the announcement of this new volume, that rounds off, so fitly, the whole course of instruction on a theme of such surpassing importance. The writer reminds us in his preface, after stating that his lifelong ambition has been to encourage the scientific as distinguished from the traditional study of literature, that all his previous works have been preliminary studies, leading up to the present more comprehensive survey of the subject.

In a brief introduction, dealing with Dominant Ideas of Modern Study, our author complains that 'there are three fundamental points in which the study of literature has fallen behind the general spirit of modern thought.' First, there is failure to recognize the unity of all literature. The Renaissance, suddenly flinging the splendid literatures of Greece and Rome upon Europe, commanded for these a monopoly of attention which, almost down to our own day, made any adequate study of the literatures of other peoples almost impossible. As Dr. Moulton says, 'No classics of front rank were available except in Latin and Greek; the one literature which might have rivalled these, the Bible, was potent as to its matter and spirit, but could not influence literary form on account of the mediaeval setting in which it appeared.' When at length other literatures claimed attention, the field was beginning to be occupied by studies outside the range of literature proper, and the curriculum of education had to allow of an option of subjects which led to a dividing rather than a unifying literary study. A second defect is failure to apply the inductive method to the study of literature, that is, to verify literary theory by appeal to the subject matter. And a third is failure to approach literature with the evolutionary mental attitude. Book I. deals with Literary Morphology, or the varieties of literature and their underlying principles. One of the chapters discusses floating and fixed literature, and indicates the bearing of this distinction on questions of genuineness, authenticity, and date, with especial reference to Homer and the Book of Job. Another, discussing the fusion of literary elements, makes interesting use, by way of illustration, of the Psalms and the Book of Deuteronomy. But it is when we come to a discussion of literary form as the key to interpretation that we find ourselves once more in that fruitful region of

Bible study which was thrown open to students, with all its wealth of fresh interpretation, in Dr. Moulton's masterpiece, *The Literary Study of the Bible*. He says, 'The technicalities of epic, lyric, drama, and other literary forms, have the same bearing upon literary appreciation that the technicalities of grammar have upon the understanding of language. Of the two things literary form is the more important: a grammatical misconception would probably affect only a detail, whereas a misconception of its literary form might lead us astray as to a whole poem.' Then, referring to the devices used in modern books for making the literary form of a work evident to the eye, he contrasts with these the utter lack of such helps in the traditional arrangement of the Bible, a lack only partially supplied in the Revised Version. A striking instance is given of the superlative value of a full literary setting in the highly dramatic dialogue of Isa. xl. 3-8. It is pointed out also that, not only is the ordinary reader of the Bible greatly at a disadvantage for want of such help, but even the learned grammatical exegete, for lack of literary intuition, may go yet more seriously astray. Referring to such a one, dealing with the Book of Micah, Dr. Moulton says, 'Reading in what appears as the last two chapters of the book, he comes suddenly upon a startling change of spirit: up to a particular point all has been trouble and confusion, from that point there is elation and confidence. Intent only upon historical considerations, he pronounces that this latter part must be an interpolation from literature of a subsequent age; that—in the phrase of Wellhausen—between verses 6 and 7 (of chapter vii.) 'there yawns a century.' Attention to literary form would have made clear that what yawns between the verses is simply a change of speakers in a dialogue. It is no question of conjecture: this portion of Micah is introduced with a title-verse (6: 9) announcing a dialogue in which 'the voice of the Lord crieth to the city,' and 'the Man of Wisdom' will hear. What follows conforms to this: divine denunciation of the city, the city's panic-stricken lament, and—at the point in question—the speech of the Man of Wisdom, whose exulting cry is a recognition that God is on his side.'

Other books deal with *The Field and Scope of Literary Study*; *Literary Evolution*, as reflected in the history of world literature; *Literary Criticism* (the traditional confusion and the modern reconstruction), with its highly important treatment of speculative criticism, inductive criticism, the history of critical opinion, judicial criticism, subjective criticism, and the place of criticism in the study of literature; *Literature as a Mode of Philosophy*; and *Literature as a Mode of Art*, in which again the Bible is largely drawn upon for purposes of illustration. The conclusion, summing up of the salient points of the general argument, presents in brief the contrast between the Traditional and the Modern Study of Literature. Our readers must hasten to make the acquaintance of this invaluable work, in which they will find that they have come into an inheritance of wealth untold, indeed, that they are living in a new world, whose far horizon melts into the infinite heavens.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by Sir A. W. Ward, Litt.D., and A. R. Waller, M.A. Vol. XII. The Nineteenth Century. (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.)

This is the first of three volumes which deal with the literature of the nineteenth century. The editors have found some difficulty in producing them, for the University Press has been robbed of a large proportion of its workers by the war, and Mr. H. V. Routh has gone to the Front, so that the chapters he had undertaken have had to be placed in other hands. But despite all difficulties, this is a notable volume. It opens with Sir Walter Scott, whose fecundity in the creation of personages resembles that of nature herself. Dr. Henderson ascribes it to his comprehensive acquaintanceship with all sorts and conditions of men. He met every one on terms of their common human nature. The next three chapters deal with Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Shelley is still the subject of keener debate than any of his contemporaries, not excepting Byron, but he is recognized as one of the greatest of lyric poets. In the last years of his life his poetry 'acquired a piercing and profound human truth without losing its unearthly beauty.' Keats 'compels the comparison with Shakespeare and Milton, and yet, deeply as he came under their spell, was lifted by their genius only into more complete possession of his own.' The chapter on Jane Austen pays tribute to her lively wit, her deepening discernment of character, and the enduring charm of her shrewd mind and sweet nature. Archdeacon Hutton's study of the Oxford Movement is of special interest. 'The Growth of Liberal Theology,' has a chapter to itself, and the studies of Hazlitt, Lamb, and the historians, scholars, and antiquaries of the century are packed with matter. The bibliographies cover more than 150 pages, and there is a table of principal dates which fills six columns. The volume will be invaluable for all lovers of nineteenth-century literature.

The Journey of Dante. Part I. Hell. Translated and the text examined. By Edward J. Edwardes, M.D. (Women's Printing Society. 5s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Edwardes thinks that the *Commedia* 'can be more faithfully translated in blank verse than in prose: because inversions and other liberties are allowed in verse that are not allowed in prose.' He divides his translation into tercets, because the original is so divided, and as a rule the end of a tercet is the end of a sentence in the original. An Introduction gives some welcome details as to the text, the early commentaries, the cause of Dante's exile, the chief currents of thought in Dante's time, and his forerunners. The paragraph on Beatrice states that she is plainly an allegorical personage. The notes on historical personages and obscure allusions are excellent, and the translation, which is made as literally exact as

possible, well fulfils Dr. Edwardes' intention to help the student to enjoy the poem in the original. We hope the other parts of the *Commedia* will be issued in due course.

The Book of Old Sundials and their Mottoes. With 8 Illustrations in colour by Alfred Rawlings, and 36 drawings of some famous sundials by Warrington Hogg. (T. N. Foulis. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a dainty little book with a bright essay on sundials by Lancelot Cross and a capital selection of sundial mottoes with translations and a very attractive set of coloured and black and white drawings of interesting sundials from the exterior of churches and churchyards. A Roman sundial is given from Dover Museum, and a very fine specimen from St. Mary-the-Virgin's Tower at Dover. It is a charming introduction to a subject of abiding interest, and the artists have put some fine work into it.

The Fellowship Song Book. Part I. Edited by H. Walford Davies. (J. Curwen & Sons. 2s. net.)

A great need has been felt of an appropriate song book for use on social occasions, and this collection has been compiled by a Committee representing the Adult School Union and the Co-operative Holidays Association. The organist of the Temple Church has arranged, adapted, and edited the songs, and has written a set of twenty-one hints to singers and accompanists. Dr. Davies holds that untaught natural song can be delightful. His hints are accompanied by musical illustrations which will be of real service to singers and players. The eighty-seven songs include 'God Save the King,' 'The Marseillaise,' the 'Russian and Belgian National Anthems.' Such favourites as 'A Fine Old English Gentleman,' 'Hearts of Oak,' 'John Brown's Body,' 'John Peel,' 'Scots Wha Ha'e,' 'O, hush Thee, my Babie,' 'Home, sweet Home,' and 'Annie Laurie.' It is hoped to publish a further selection if this meets with favour. It will be a pure delight to all lovers of song.

A Voyage in Space. By H. H. Turner, D.Sc., F.R.S. (S.P.C.K. 6s. net.)

These six lectures were given by the Savilian Professor of Astronomy to a juvenile audience at the Royal Institution in 1913. They have been allowed to retain their form as lectures, and young readers will enjoy them the more for this freedom of treatment. The earth is the starting-point, and the meaning of gravitation is strikingly brought out. Then we start through the air, making journeys by telescope to moon, planets, sun, and stars. Everything is put in the clearest way and the illustrations are really illuminating. It is one of the most charming books on astronomy that we have read. Young folk will not be allowed to keep such a treasure to themselves.

The Language Families of Africa. By A. Werner.
(S.P.C.K. 8s. 6d. net.)

Very special knowledge was needed for the preparation of this account of all the African languages, but Miss Werner knows her subject and puts everything in the clearest way. After a brief survey of the five groups of language she gives a chapter to each, with an account of its grammar and brief exercises. The book will be invaluable for young missionaries in Africa.

The Every Age Library (Kelly, 10d. net) now contains fifty-five volumes. They are well printed and brightly bound in red cloth. There is something for every age and taste in a family, and the four latest additions are very attractive. *Industrial Day Dreams*, by S. E. Keeble, appeals to students of the social system; R. J. Wardell's *Highways in Bookland* is a valuable guide for young readers; Lady McDougall's *Beginnings of History* traces the story of the ancient world down to the time of Alexander the Great. Salome Hocking's *Some Old Cornish Folk* is full of quaint and unconventional characters.

I Pose, by Stella Benson (Macmillan & Co, 5s. net), is by a new writer who has a keen eye for the amusing side of things. Her 'gardener' is a strange medley of sense and nonsense, and her little suffragette wins one's sympathy, especially in the last pages of her courtship to which she puts such a tragic end. The book is full of improbabilities, though it is often witty and sometimes wise.—*Four Chimneys*, by S. Macnaughtan, has been added to Messrs. Nelson's sevenpenny series. The chief characters in the family tragedy are cleverly sketched, though we cannot help wishing that Mr. Montagu Leslie might have disappeared from the scene and left the way open for 'Uncle Andrew.'—Messrs. Macmillan have added *The Caravans* to their new sevenpenny series. It makes a neat volume, and the frontispiece is very effective. The story itself has special interest in this war time. 'Otto' is as self-centred, as rude, and as full of conceit as he can be packed. The tour through Kent gives himself many opportunities of showing his real nature, and he avails him of them to the full. It is a very amusing and clever story.—Mr. Lane has just published a cheap edition of *The MS. in a Red Box* (1s. net). The mystery in which its authorship is wrapped is itself a romance, and its own merit as a story has won it wide popularity. The scene is laid in the Isle of Axholme when the Fenmen were in arms against Vermuijden and his drainage. There is love and adventure enough to suit the most lively taste, and this cheap edition will give real pleasure to a new circle of readers.—*A Tramp's Sketches*. By Stephen Graham. (Nelson & Sons. 1s. net.) These sketches are full of the open-air life of Russia. Mr. Graham tramped over the battlefields of the Crimea and wandered a thousand miles along the Black Sea shores to New Athos and to Batum. Then he found his way to Jerusalem with the Russian pilgrims. There is rare pleasure for lovers of the road in this cheap and neat

reprint.—*Bulletin of the John Rylands' Library, Manchester*. Vol. 2. No. 4. Oct.-Dec., 1915. (6d.) What a great work the John Rylands Library is doing can be seen from a glance at this bulletin. The classified list of recent accessions covers forty-seven pages, and a third list of contributions towards the reconstruction of the Louvain Library shows that 3,000 volumes have been received or definitely promised. Prof. Tout's description of 'A Mediaeval Burglary' and an abridgement of the Sentences of Peter Lombard are of special interest and so are the Library Notes.—The S.P.C.K. is issuing some *Missionary Tracts for the Times* (1d. net) which are full of force. The Editor, the Rev. J. O. F. Murray's subject is *The Time of Our Visitation*; the Rev. W. Temple writes of *The Holy War*; Miss Rouse describes *The World of To-day and the Gospel*; Archdeacon Jones, of Sheffield, dwells on *The Building Power of Christ's Kingdom*. There is much here to inspire thought and rekindle zeal.—*The Establishment of Legal Minimum Rates in the Box-making Industry*. By M. E. Bulkeley. (G. Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d. net.) The latest investigation under the Ratan Tata foundation deals with an industry that employs about 55,000 workers, in the proportion of two males to thirteen females. The home industry seems to be languishing, especially in the making of common matchboxes, but the action of the Trade Board in raising wages has led employers to organize their work more carefully so that there is less waste of time and less waiting for work.—*Who's Who* (A. & C. Black. 15s. net) and its companion volumes are always sure of a welcome, and this year they are more essential than ever. It gives new interest to life to have this goodly volume at hand for constant reference. It grows a little in bulk, despite severe repression, but that only adds to its interest.—*The Who's Who Year-Book* (1s. net) is wonderfully full of information that we all want, and *The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book* (1s. net) is of the greatest service for its own clients.—*The Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory* (2s. 6d. net) is a wonderful survey of the world of women, which has grown so much bigger during this war. All four volumes are edited with the utmost skill and care.—*The Labour Year-Book, 1916* (1, Victoria Street. 1s. and 2s. 6d.). This is a new year-book, and one of extreme significance. A large number of voluntary workers have assisted in the compilation of its 700 pages, and the sections describing the industrial and political aspects of labour organization deserve special attention. Part I, 'Labour and the War,' will be eagerly studied, as also will such as papers as Mr. Hobson's on 'The Cost of Living.'—*The Church Directory and Almanack* (Nisbet. 8s. net) is the cheapest and handiest of all the Clergy Lists. This is the sixteenth issue, and it was never in great favour or more carefully edited.—*British Fungi and how to identify them*. By J. H. Crabtree, F.R.P.S. (Kelly, 1s. net). The new volume of the *How to Identify* series is greatly needed. It is a bit of expert work, both as to text and illustrations, and the very variety of fungi represented shows how valuable such a pocket guide as this will be.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (January).—Mr. Gosse says in 'The Unity of France' that the pretended levity of Paris was all on the surface. He protests against the 'talk of a New France, risen, like a phoenix out of the funeral pyre of the old, for the instant purpose of combating the arrogance of Prussia. The France of to-day is splendid but her effort is not miraculous; it has long been prepared for by the elements of her ancient and continuous civilization. For fifteen years past it has been impossible for an unprejudiced and perspicacious observer to fail to see that France has been gathering her moral forces together, simplifying her political attitude, preparing without haste for concerted action. The superficial agitations in the social life of the country have been vastly exaggerated and seriously misunderstood by foreign observers.' We now see 'a national revival of the ancient virtues characteristic of France in all her higher moods, recovering themselves after the shock of treacherous attack, and shining with unequalled brightness precisely because of the unparalleled volume and force of that attack. The unity of the nation is the expression of a store of vitality long amassed for this very purpose of defence in time of sorest need.' J. A. R. Marriott writes strongly about Greece. 'The bond she has given to her Serbian ally she has shamefully dishonoured. Faithlessness and ingratitude may earn a traitor's recompense; but well rewarded treachery has, before now, proved to be a prelude to suicide.' H. E. Morgan, in 'A Nation of Workers,' pleads for the formation of a National Trade Agency, conducted on business lines in the interests of business, which might lead to the methodical stimulation of commerce and help us in the after-war period. The editor's paper on 'Political Reconstruction' regrets the loss of a regular Opposition in Parliament. 'Under present conditions the only effective restraint upon the Cabinet is the power of the press, and ministers show how unconscious they are of that power by their childish petulance in dealing with newspaper criticism. Handicapped by a censorship which has been managed with almost inconceivable stupidity, the press has nevertheless succeeded in doing immense service to the country not merely by destructive criticism but by constructive suggestion.' Mr. Cox thinks that the most important step is to undo the blunder of 1885 and treat each great municipality as a unit for parliamentary purposes. Parliament could then exercise its main function—the control of the executive government.

Quarterly Review (January).—Madame Duclaux in 'A Chapter of Heroes' commemorates five French men of letters who have fallen in the war. A hundred and fifty young writers have died for France. Péguy, one of her five, was an odd little man with the look of a small farmer. He hungered for praise, but the grandeur and misery of Man and his need of salvation was the idea which dominated all his life. He was a mystic but no dreamer. It is a touching tribute. M. Davignon writes on 'German Methods of Penetration in Belgium before and during the War.' Such an article reveals the insidious arts of the enemy. 'The Censorship and its effects' in England and in America is discussed in an anonymous paper. The writer says 'there are truths which get suppressed because it is nobody's business to publish them, truths which the enemy knows all about, truths which should be proclaimed on every housetop because they only hearten and invigorate the nation. The chief is the wonderful record of our fighting men.' The Censor should be required to supply the newspapers with material for articles on all matters the publication of which would assist the cause of the Allies. Another unsigned article deals with British Diplomacy in the Near East. It says nothing could have courted failure so surely in dealing with the Balkan States as the indecision which characterized the diplomacy of the Entente Powers, and especially of the British Government, which allowed itself to be deceived all along the line by Germany, and even when hostilities broke out, refused to admit the importance of the Balkans in relation to the war. 'Why Canada is at War' is written by a Canadian. Before war broke out nothing but good-will and admiration was felt for the Germans. 'We have thrown our doors wide open to German citizens and extended to them the same privileges that we gave to our brothers from the British Isles. They enjoyed liberties among us which would not have been granted to Britishers in the Fatherland.' The writer says 'We do not hate the German people, but we loathe the faction in Germany that would rule the world "with blood and iron," and has persuaded the nation to believe what they say as to the origin of the war. Ever since Canada entered the war she has had a profound conviction that there can be no peace on earth until the militarism which is the tap-root of the present war is crushed.'

The Round Table (March).—The first article, 'The War for Public Right,' examines the true nature of the struggle with Germany in the light of eighteen months' experience. The foundation of the Prussian state is force. It is founded in the belief that the human being is not to be trusted, but must be 'trained, cajoled, harnessed, and finally compelled into being a member of an orderly society by a superior and dominant will.' The commonwealth rests on an entirely different set of ideas. 'It is the outcome of the Christian principle that the purpose of life is not to get one's own way, but to do right and to love one's neighbour as oneself.' It can only survive if the sense of justice and the spirit of service are high among its citizens.

Where these fail the commonwealth fails, and a Prussian autocracy based on force takes its place. To the Prussian life is war, and it must be played according to the rules. The assassination of the Archduke put Serbia in the wrong, and gave a good chance of securing British neutrality. France and Russia knew, however, that the Serbian question was only an excuse, and that Germany was making a bid for the mastery of Europe. The article is one which will strengthen the courage of all who are fighting against Germany. 'Production in Peace and War' is another informing study. Equality of wealth can never be reached, yet matters cannot be left after the war as they are now. 'We are terribly far away from enabling a great section of our population to live decent and healthy lives.' We shall have to spend more on education and on training of all kinds. 'The Problem of Women in Industry' discussed the question of 'equal pay for equal work' in a judicious spirit. 'America's Reaction to the War' shows how the United States have reaped almost revolutionary prosperity by the war. Dr. Eliot asks how long the American people, with their pronounced sympathy with the cause of the Allies, will be content as a body politic to remain silent; and, if after frank moral support come action, have the Americans 'no duty toward the support of public liberty, justice, and humanity in the world outside of their own borders?' President Wilson and his critics are also discussed in this powerful article.

Dublin Review (January).—Mr. Wilfrid Ward pays warm tribute to the late Bishop Hedley, whose name 'will stand alongside of those of Newman, Wiseman, and Manning.' He gives some impressive quotations from the Bishop's sermons. He cannot be ranked with Coleridge and Newman, 'but the depth of his thought, illuminated throughout by all the traces of a great character, should make him, as his writing becomes more widely known, hold a very high position in the eyes of the serious world which cares for religion.' Another article on 'German Catholics and the War' says that 'German Catholicism shows itself deeply infected with the anti-Christian and immoral philosophy that underlies the dominant type of Germanism.' *En masse* some sections of the German Catholic soldiers 'have a specially bad reputation, not unsupported by converging lines of evidence.' Other important articles deal with 'The Use of Aircraft in the Present War,' 'The Eastern Churches and the War.'

Hibbert Journal (January).—The articles bearing on the war include one on its moral aspects by Count Goblet d'Alviella, and a very suggestive discussion by Prof. Ladd of 'The Human Mind and the Germany Mind.' We believe with Dr. Ladd that the 'mind of a Prussianized Germany will have to adapt itself to the better mind of civilized man,' but apparently nothing but a thorough defeat of her land forces will suffice to bring the nation to its senses. A little group of three articles may be conveniently studied together—'The Definite Failure of Christianity,' by Miss M. E. Robinson, 'Is Christianity Practicable?' by Prof. Adams Brown, and 'The Incompetence

of the mere Scholar to interpret Christianity,' by Prof. E. Armitage. A sentence from the second of these is worth pondering. 'What we lack most of all is leadership—leadership far-sighted and statesmanlike enough to organize the misguided and separated idealisms of the different warring nations into an idealism truly Christian in its conception of the end to be desired, and the method to be followed in attaining it.' Prof. Pringle-Pattison's critique of Mr. Balfour's last book is discriminatingly appreciative.

Journal of Theological Studies (January).—Dr. W. E. Barnes writes a useful note on the current method of correcting the text of a difficult passage in the Old Testament by the use of the LXX. He takes Ps. xcvi. 11 as an example, and vindicates the reading 'Light is sown,' rather than 'Light is sprung up.' His principle needs to be still further tried and tested. Another note on 'The Deification of Man in Clement of Alexandria' is interesting, as bringing out the secondary type of divinity recognized in the Graeco-Roman world. The 'deification' of the Roman Emperors is often misunderstood. 'The meaning of *Makom* in Hebrew,' by Dr. A. Cowley shows that a special meaning of 'Place' in the sense of a sacred shrine obtains in the Old Testament. The note might have been followed up by an examination of the derivative meaning of the word current for a while in Jewish Mysticism.

Church Quarterly (January).—The Rev. W. R. Matthews, in 'Mr. Balfour as a Religious Philosopher,' thinks that he does not put the claims of Theism high enough, not even so high as his own argument would warrant. A powerful article deals with 'The Conduct of the War.' It holds that our task is formidable, but that adequate finance and good management will help us to accomplish it. The notice of the Life of Bishop John Wordsworth gives a vivid picture of a remarkable man.

The Holborn Review (January) is a good number. Mr. Balfour's Gifford Lectures are thoughtfully reviewed by Atkinson Lee. The notice of Rupert Brooke's poems by G. W. Turner is written with much sympathy, but the eulogy is somewhat overstrained. The writer of an article on the Drink Traffic vehemently denounces all proposed schemes for nationalization. In his excitement, regardless of grammar, he exclaims against any countenancing of such legislation by the Primitive Methodist Conference. 'Should it do, we shall be spitting on the grave of Hugh Bourne,' etc. There are many strong arguments against nationalization, but wise reform of the Drink Traffic has constantly been blocked by extreme Prohibitionists.

Calcutta Review (January).—'A German India' gives an account of a lecture delivered in 1911 by Prof. Wegener, who toured round India with the Crown Prince. He wished England success 'in defending for a long time to come her remarkable empire in India.' He does not conceal the fact that relations were even then strained, and

that the prevailing opinion was that it would be a distinct advantage for Germany if the English lordship in India should be broken up. 'Say what you will of the English, nobody can deny that they are the most experienced and successful colonists in the world.' 'Take it all in all I see no acute danger for England's position in India.' The chief article in this number deals with 'Vernacular Education in Bengal from 1818 to 1912.'

AMERICAN

The American Journal of Theology (January).—The first article, by Prof. Bertholet, of Göttingen, deals with 'The Pre-Christian Belief in the Resurrection of the Body.' It is curious, rather than illuminating. The writer certainly does not make it clear that 'the conceptions of the Christian circle of faith in the last analysis were rooted' in the miscellaneous conceptions he here adduces. An elaborate essay on 'Incarnation' by Prof. A. H. Lloyd is begun in this number, and it is perhaps too soon to criticize the writer's apparent drift. 'The Logic of Religion,' by A. C. Watson, also appears only in part. Carl S. Patton, in discussing 'Miracles and the Modern Preacher,' comes to the conclusion, 'What we want is a living God; and to such a God in our day nothing could be more unnecessary than miracles.' He gives advice to preachers who do not believe in miracles—including, we presume, the Incarnation and Resurrection of Christ—and we can only hope that the article does not represent the prevailing tone of the Christian pulpit in Chicago.

To the Harvard Theological Review (January) Dr. Cranford Howell Toy, Professor (Emeritus) of Hebrew, &c., in Harvard University, contributes an appreciative but discriminating estimate of the significance of the work of *Thomas Kelly Cheyne*. Of his commentary on Isaiah, which first established him as a scholar, it is said: 'The variety of his learning, the vital character of his style, and his frankness and courage in the expression of opinion, gradually commended the work to a wide circle of readers,' and a few years later his volume on the Psalms 'secured immediate recognition by its fine religious spirit, the incisiveness and directness of its style, and its freedom of thought.' Dr. Cheyne's adoption of the Jerahmeel theory, due largely to Winckler, brought 'his helpful Old Testament criticism prematurely to a close,' but it is 'generally felt that this lacuna in his critical work must not blind us to the value of the contributions he has made to Biblical science.' Referring to Dr. Cheyne's relations with the founder of the Bahaist movement, Dr. Toy says that 'he affirmed the superiority of the founder of Christianity to all other religious teachers,' but he held that each of the great religions might learn from the others, and that 'peace among nations could be secured only through religious union.'

Bibliotheca Sacra.—Professor A. H. Lybyer, in a thoughtful article on *The City of God*, reminds us that a greater challenge to Christianity than the present world struggle was made fifteen centuries ago. When Rome, the so-called Eternal City, was captured and plundered in the year 410 A.D., 'an outcry arose against Christianity. Was it not a failure? Why had it not strengthened and saved the State?' Augustine distinguished between 'the city of God and the city of the world.' He found it hard, as we do, 'to separate the earthly from the heavenly city,' but on this account the hope of a righteous and regenerated human society is not to be abandoned. 'Some of the accepted policies of the world are not of the City of God.' Hence the lack of Christianity is the cause of the present calamity. 'Christian people are slowly building the City of God here upon earth. The time is long and the way is difficult. But the City of God "hath foundations," and the superstructure is visibly rising. Christianity has not failed.'

The Princeton Theological Review for January contains a continuation of Prof. Vos' article on 'Hebrews, the Epistle of the *Diatheke*'—a very able piece of exposition. Other articles deal with the theological student and the preacher. Amongst them are 'A Theological Seminary,' by Dr. Patton, who is resigning the Presidency of Princeton, and 'Theological Education in the Light of Present-day Demands,' by Dr. Ross Stevenson, his successor in that important post.

Methodist Review (New York), January.—Dr. Buckley replies to Chancellor Day on the subject of the Episcopacy. The honours in the controversy may well be divided between the two redoubtable and friendly champions. The old-time episcopacy of the M.E. Church is, however, likely to be more and more modified by the spirit of the age and the cry for 'efficiency.' An article by I. W. Van Cleeve is entitled 'Methodism's Place in the Sun.' Others are on 'The Missionary Sermon,' and 'Mark Twain and Bret Harte.' The longest in the number is relegated to a place in Notes and Discussions. Its subject is 'Matthew Arnold's Apostolate.'

Methodist Review (Nashville) is now edited by Dr. H. M. Du Bose. The first article in the January number contains an appreciation of Dr. Gross Alexander, the late editor, whose death is a great loss to the M.E. Church South. An interesting article by Lovick P. Winter deals with 'Charles Wesley in America.' Rabbi Lewinthal writes on 'The Origin and Growth of the Synagogue.' We note that the number of articles in this number tend to increase, and their length proportionately to diminish.

The Review and Expositor (Louisville), January.—The chief articles are 'False Mysticism and Christianity,' by an English writer, Dr. H. W. Clark, and 'Adolph Schlatter on Three Types of Theology,' by W. W. Everts. The three types are represented by Hegel, Schleiermacher, and Ritschl respectively, three 'schools dominated in turn by the reason, the feelings, and the will.'

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